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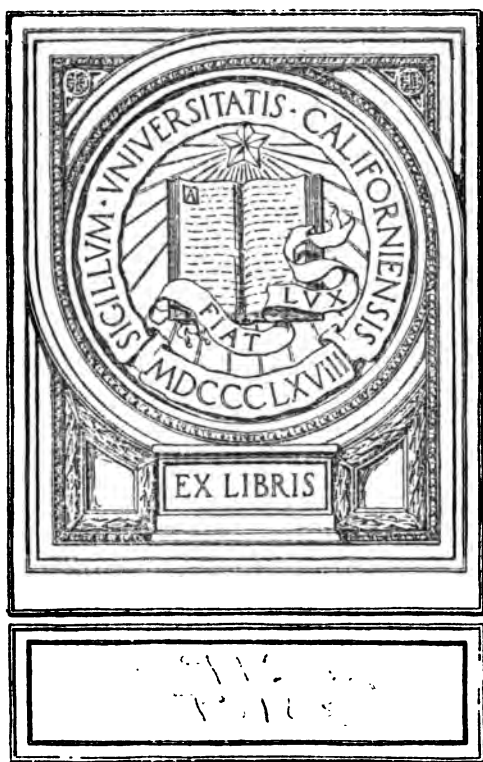
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**A HISTORY OF
ENGLISH-CANADIAN LITERATURE
TO THE CONFEDERATION**

A History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation

Its Relation to the Literature of Great Britain
and the United States

BY

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TO MR. J. M. J.
AND MRS. J. M. J.

TO MY MOTHER

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PREFACE

MOST of the material in this volume was collected for a doctoral dissertation presented at Harvard University shortly after the beginning of the Great War. A little later it was recast for the Semicentennial of the Confederation. Since the reasons for the participation of Canada in the War were then little understood in the United States, and the reasons for the non-participation of the United States as little understood in Canada, publication of a study demanding mutual tolerance and respect seemed singularly inopportune. Now that misunderstanding has been dissipated by the intervention of the Republic, there appears to be no further cause for delay.

To meet the needs of the moment I have therefore prepared this abstract. Aside from the omission of many biographical details and critical observations, and the addition of a few references to the developments of the War, the text is practically that of the first draft. That the events of the last five years have substantiated most of my conclusions leads me to hope that the aim with which the work was undertaken may not be entirely unfulfilled. At any rate, I trust that the volume may provide an adequate background for the series to which it is an introduction; that it may deepen, in Canada, the growing interest in the beginnings of its literature; that it may emphasize, in the United States, the emergence of

Canadian nationality, and that it may reënforce, in Great Britain, the principles which have made possible a Britannic Alliance. Above all, I trust that it may show the intellectual continuity of the English-speaking peoples and the fact that, in spite of their differences, they are unescapably one.

In its preparation I have tried to overlook nothing of promise or importance. If I have included anything that seems trivial, it is because I am anxious to spare others the difficulties I have had to overcome. Where expense has not been prohibitive, I have gone to the original sources. In many cases I have been guided to them by the monographs available. Of these I am indebted chiefly to the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Canada; to the *Collections* of the Nova Scotia Historical Society; to the *Papers and Records* of the Ontario Historical Society; to the publications of the Victoria University Library, of the Haliburton Society, and of the Ontario Historical Publishing Company. Since I have been unable to verify all the dates, and since even the sketches in the *Dictionary of National Biography* are inaccurate, a few errors will doubtless be found. To those who may point them out I shall be grateful.

My gratitude is due also to those who have aided me in my work: to the assistants at the Toronto Public Library, the Boston Public Library, and the Harvard College Library; to the librarians of the Fisher Memorial Library, the Halifax Citizens' Library, the Nova Scotia Legislative Library, the St. John Public Library, and the Acadia University Library; to the Dominion

Archivist; to the Bursar of King's College; to Mr. C. W. Milner, Mr. Beckles Willson, Archdeacon W. J. Armitage, and Archdeacon W. O. Raymond, through whose kindness I have been able to consult numerous documents; to Professor V. L. O. Chittick, of the University of Washington, who has criticized the chapter on Haliburton in the light of his researches; to Professors W. B. Munro and Bliss Perry, of Harvard University, who have facilitated my work in various ways; to President W. A. Neilson of Smith College, who gave me encouragement and advice in the early stages of the study, and to Professor C. N. Greenough, of Harvard University, who has placed at my disposal his knowledge of American life and literature. He has read the manuscript, and by his counsel has done much to make the *History* as adequate as it is.

RAY PALMER BAKER.

Troy, September, 1919.

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ENGLISH-CANADIAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago the President of Harvard College condemned a book by a Canadian author on the ground that no colonial government had ever evoked the nobility of character essential to greatness; and though the publication of this study indicates a new era of understanding and respect, there are still those who scout the possibility of a Canadian literature. Since the days of Taine the theory that President Felton was trying to formulate has tempered the methods of criticism. National independence, racial and political, is everywhere regarded as necessary for distinction. With this view I have no wish to quarrel. It may be well to point out, however, that notable schools have arisen in territories racially and politically subordinate. If it were pertinent to the subject, it might not be impossible to controvert the attitude which limits the processes of evolution to communities which are isolated by origin and law.

In the case of Canada racial subservience, as I have to show, is by no means so certain as generally assumed. Nor does political limitation appear necessary. The chief feature of the last five decades has been the development of national consciousness and the assumption of prerogatives in keeping with its spirit. Today the forms of dependence are purely technical. In domestic, imperial, and foreign affairs, paradoxical as it may seem, the Dominion has achieved, in practice, the status of a nation. Is it unnatural, then, to expect a reflection of this individualistic momentum in the realm of literature?

For obvious reasons no serious investigation of its force has ever been attempted. In Canada, as elsewhere, crit-

icism lags behind its sisters: Nor have the critics been entirely free from preconceptions, a fact aptly illustrated by the career of Goldwin Smith. Most readers who have any idea of Canadian literature owe their impressions to his pen. His academic reputation and his admirable style make him an acceptable mentor. Unfortunately for the just appreciation of the subject, his conclusions are seldom based on adequate premises. Wealth and culture tempted him to treat with scant consideration the material aims and sordid tastes of a raw community. In Ontario, as in New York, he remained apart from the current of national opinion. What detracts even more from the value of his observations is the journalistic temper in which they are made. It is a commonplace that the "Seer of the Grange," as he is still affectionately called by the people among whom he made his home, wrote well on everything but exhaustively on nothing. The casual manner in which he approached the subject in hand may be deduced from the fact that in one summary Haliburton, whose ideals he detested, is dismissed with a line, and Richardson, who is one of the salient figures of his time, is unmentioned. Since minor authors of English birth are included, it is reasonable to assume that he was unacquainted with the father of Canadian fiction. It is not strange, therefore, that those who have followed his leadership have been misled.

In the United States, where his influence has been paramount, misunderstanding has been accentuated by political antagonism. It is curious that a people, invariably sympathetic towards any assertion of independence, should have viewed with suspicion, and even coolness, the progress of their kinsmen. Spasmodic discussions of the "ultimate destiny" of the Northland and occasional outbursts of Continental fervor, now recessant, indicate aims that long restricted appreciation of national attainment. In Great Britain local causes have also operated. The legalistic tradition of subservience which existed until recent years has

undoubtedly prevented examination of temperamental divergences. Remarkable proof of the value of detachment, which is wanting in the case of Canada, the United States, and even Great Britain, where criticism, though unsystematic, is at least scholarly, is to be found in the fact that a student must turn to Rennes for the only dissertation on Canadian poetry and to Paris for the only philosophical discussion of its progress.

In the last decade, however, a new spirit has arisen in Canada. At McGill, at Queen's, and in the Royal Society the foundations of criticism are being securely laid. Even more important is the work that is being done by Victoria College and by the historical societies, which are making available the records of early settlement. Although much that is excellent has thus been accomplished, there is danger lest the force of the movement may be dissipated by its extent. There is wide discussion of Canadian literature, its achievement and its promise, but little systematic effort to trace its progress. Most histories are mere biographical catalogues without perspective or arrangement. To regulate the enthusiasm of which these are indices, and to guide it into more profitable channels, some adventurer must chart the stream of Canadian literature from its inception to the year 1867.

In placing the buoys it is necessary to determine what constitutes Canadian territory. Zeal for their subject has led historians to include all writers of Canadian ancestry who have made their reputation elsewhere than in Canada and all authors of British parentage who have resided for any length of time in the Dominion, a method that is obviously unsafe. Because George Romanes happened to live in Kingston; because Simon Newcomb, the greatest scientist the Continent has produced, came of old Nova Scotian stock, and received nearly all his education in his native province; because Sir John Murray, of *Challenger* fame, was born in the heart of Ontario, and was graduated

from the University of Toronto, it does not follow that they have had any influence on the progress of philosophy, of astronomy, or of oceanography in British North America. Any nation might be proud of the distinction which they and scores of others have achieved; but their achievements, it is clear, have had little effect on the lives of their countrymen. Until the last two decades Canadians who left the Dominion invariably surrendered their interest in national concerns. They may well be dismissed from consideration. Similarly visitors like Galt must be excluded. It is wiser to consider only those authors of Canadian descent who maintained their connection with their native country and those of European birth and education who became identified with its development.

Within these limits I hope to portray the life and temper of the English-Canadian people, to trace their literary relations with Great Britain and the United States, the two countries with which they have been most intimately connected, and to determine their intellectual origin.

CHAPTER II

PURITANISM AND THE PRE-REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

THE literature of Canada — of the English-speaking people of the Dominion — does not begin until the close of the American Revolution. Before that men lived and wrote in the Atlantic Provinces; but the population was too small, and the struggle for existence too compelling, for them to bequeath a distinct heritage to succeeding generations. In the world of thought they discovered nothing new, they rediscovered nothing old. The English traders, posted here and there on the headlands of the St. Lawrence, were more given to furs than to philosophy. The New Englanders who followed them had a taste for theology and politics; but the Puritan ideal, which became dominant in Acadia during the Pre-Revolutionary Period, was temporarily extinguished by the advent of a powerful society similar, in many respects, to the bureaucracy of Quebec, which it absorbed. However greatly Puritanism has since affected religious, social, and civic institutions, it is little more than an incident in the evolution of Canadian literature.

An historical survey may help to make clear its significance. By the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Acadia, with a few thousand French inhabitants, was ceded to Great Britain. Although a royal governor was stationed at Annapolis, and monopolies were granted in several counties, all serious attempts at colonization were postponed until 1749. In that year two thousand immigrants under Cornwallis crossed the Atlantic and settled at Halifax on the shores of the spacious harbor where their vessels anchored. Most of these colonists, ill-prepared for the hardships of pioneering,

eventually drifted to Boston or New York. The isolated groups of Scotch, Swiss, and Germans, who came later, were likewise forced to seek more hospitable quarters. Their enterprises, however, were gradually preëmpted by the younger sons of the colonial aristocracy and by the traders and fishermen of the New England villages. Under these adventurers development continued; but progress was intermittent because the New Englanders hesitated to establish their families in a district where French-Catholic communities were rapidly increasing. The Expulsion of the Acadians in 1755 removed this obstacle. Although not more than six thousand, or about half the inhabitants, were actually deported, those who escaped were forced to abandon their clearings and build new homes in the interior. So complete was the exodus that thirty years later the King's Commissioner could discover only four hundred people of French descent in the New Provinces.

Harsh as it undoubtedly was, the Expatriation led to a laudable change in government. Military control, essential in subjugated territory, was traditionally repugnant to the people of New England. Lack of representative institutions, as well as differences in language and religion, restrained them from abandoning entirely their interests to the south. Not until they had received full assurance of civil and religious liberty did they respond to Governor Lawrence's *Proclamation*. The formation of an assembly in 1758 removed any prejudice that still lingered; and, two years later, when the Acadian lands were opened for settlement, many reputable families from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut took possession of the deserted villages. Over seven thousand people thus found new homes at Mau-gerville, on the St. John, or in the fertile valleys of Nova Scotia. Among them were many of the most enterprising residents of the Old Colonies. Since the terms of grant were highly advantageous, a desirable element, essentially American in character, was thus added to the population of the

new dependency. Its Americanism may be deduced from the fact that in the county of Annapolis over sixty per cent of the people were of colonial birth. In one township all but thirty-five had been born in the New World. The northward movement so begun was further accelerated, in 1763, by the Peace of Paris, which confirmed the supremacy of New England. Within twenty years the number of settlers doubled; and "Nova Scotia," as the territory came to be called, was beginning to assume the characteristics of an established community when the course of its development was retarded by the Revolution.

Meantime, in that part of Canada now known as Quebec, the Occupation had resulted in the formation of two distinct groups of English-speaking people. The first, and more influential, consisted of civil and military officials charged with the administration of the conquered districts. The second, at Montreal, where many of their narratives¹ were afterwards written, was composed of Scotch adventurers engaged in the fur trade. Both groups, unlike the people of Nova Scotia, looked to Great Britain as their political and intellectual sponsor.

Proximity to Boston, tradition, and the enterprise of Massachusetts merchants made Acadia a mere appendage of New England. The town meeting and all other institutions peculiar to the Old Colonies were transferred bodily to the New. Since the settlers were Congregationalists, their pastors were drawn almost invariably from Harvard; the first minister of the Halifax church, named after Cotton Mather, was Aaron Cleveland (1715-57), a graduate of Harvard and great-great-grandfather of President Cleveland. Their schoolmasters also were Harvard men. So too were many of the officials and members of the Assembly; and it was a Bostonian, John Bushnell, who, in 1752, printed the first copy of the *Halifax Gazette*, which now has the distinction of being the oldest newspaper on the Continent.

¹ See Chapter XIII.

Under these circumstances it is evident that the literature of the Puritan Era is closely connected with that of New England.

This statement is true, to some extent, of narratives before 1760; but the memorials of the traders and explorers are too few and too fragmentary to require extended notice. As early as 1736 John Gyles wrote his *Memoirs of Odd Adventures*, a record of his experiences on the St. John River; and in 1757 John Witherspoon, one of the settlers in Annapolis, who was captured by the Indians, sold to the French, and kept a prisoner at Quebec until its surrender, began his *Journal*, a meagre outline of his captivity. A more readable book is *A Narrative of an Extraordinary Escape out of the Hands of the Indians in the Gulf of St. Lawrence* by Gamaliel Smethurst. The author appears to have been an Englishman who came to Marblehead and there fitted out a vessel to trade with the French and Indians in the Baie des Chaleurs. Abandoned at Bathurst Harbor by the master of his ship, he made his way on foot to Fort Cumberland. In 1774, fourteen years later, he printed an account of his misfortunes in the Gulf and *A Providential Escape after a Shipwreck in Coming from the Island of St. John*. Although most readers will probably agree, with the *Monthly Review*, that there is "nothing very extraordinary or providential in the episode," the volume is interesting because of Smethurst's position in Nova Scotia. In 1765 he was elected to the Legislature from Cumberland, and, later, was appointed Controller of Customs and Deputy Surveyor of Woods. The knowledge so gained he turned to good account in his plea for reconciliation between Great Britain and the American Colonies. His writings, scattered and valueless as they are, thus extend from the New England Migration to the Revolution, and so form a convenient starting point for a study of the period.

From the logs of the English traders the diaries of the New England planters differ materially. If records are to be

credited, the Congregationalists of Nova Scotia had few interests outside the church. The chief memorials of the first generation — the journals, prayers, and verses of Handley Chipman (1717-99), son of a Massachusetts judge and a descendant of the first man to set foot in Plymouth — are all devotional in tone. It is not surprising, therefore, that the booksellers of Halifax printed little but sermons. Similar to those published elsewhere, these reflect the culture and theology of New England and, more particularly, of Harvard College.

Congregationalism, practically an established form of worship, inevitably challenged dissent among a people who were instinctively dissenters. After the Migration the revolt, begun under Whitefield, spread to the Maritime Provinces, and there transformed the ideals of the inhabitants. Of this change an adequate picture has been preserved. Among the emigrants from Newport, Rhode Island, who joined the northward movement in 1760 was a family of Allines. With Mr. and Mrs. Alline went their son Henry (1748-84), whose career reflects the religious disturbances of the period. As a lad he had been oppressed by a sense of sin and a fear of hell. In his *Life and Journal* (1806), published long after his death, is a vivid description of the tortures of his youth. After moving to Nova Scotia he tried to find solace in the "frolics" and "young company" which he had been taught to regard as pitfalls to his soul. Although overcome with remorse after every entertainment, he continued to yield to temptation: "No sooner would I hear the music and drink a glass of wine but I would find my mind elevated, and soon proceed to any sort of merriment or diversion that I thought was not debauched or openly vicious. . . ." Since he had acquired a position of leadership in the social life of the village, he felt it necessary to assume an interest in the gaieties of Falmouth. Each effort left him in more pitiable condition. His conscience, he confesses, would "roar" day and night. The only sin, however, of

which he specifically accuses himself is the fact that he once returned after midnight. On pleading that he had been guilty of nothing criminal, his mother, in true maternal fashion, replied that "it was opening a door that would soon lead me to it; and that she expected nothing less but, if I continued, I should soon be guilty of almost every vice and eternally ruined both in soul and body." Indeed, the good woman seemed to take no little pleasure in the thought that she would be a witness against him on the Last Day.

A little later he was converted. His description of the phenomenon which preceded his conversion is not unlike that given by Saul: "There appeared, as I thought, a large blaze of light in the shape of a circle, with that side next to me open as though it yawned after me. Then [it] broke in small sparkles, and vanished away." On returning home, crying for mercy, he endured a form of temptation familiar to readers of religious autobiographies: "I had not been long in my room before there was represented to my view a beautiful woman — one whom I had seen before, but had no great acquaintance with — and the happiness that I thought I might enjoy with her stole away my affections from thinking much of God or of my state. The Devil told me that I might not commit any sin for to enjoy her; that I might marry her, which was lawful. Yea, I so acquiesced in the temptation that my affections were after her, and she appeared the most beautiful object that ever I beheld." Recovering from this experience, he was overcome by the thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin. While in the company of several young women he had joined them in derision of the worshippers awaiting the manifestation of the Spirit. This levity threw him into profound despair, and induced, as with Bunyan, great travail of soul. Gradually, however, he rose from the pall that enveloped him into the full light of service. With the connected narrative of his early doubts and fears his autobiography ends.

It was to have been supplemented by an account of his ministry; but illness prevented him from completing the task, and the story of his ministrations must be derived from the *Journal*. After his conversion he felt compelled to preach, and so took ship for Boston to perfect his education. As the vessel was seized at Cornwallis, he accepted his return to the smallpox-infected village as providential, and immediately began his career as an evangelist — a career that covered the troubled period of the Revolution.

The feelings of the people of Nova Scotia at this time can hardly be fathomed. By birth and tradition they were closely connected with the Revolutionists of the Old Colonies. The English Government, on the other hand, had treated them generously; and to this fact it probably owed their neutrality or support. Many of the settlers on the St. John, it is true, were openly disaffected. Large numbers, on the contrary, appear to have been sincerely attached to the royal cause. Their loyalty seems to have been due partly to the religious zeal that was translating the formality of New England Congregationalism into the tents of Sodom and Gomorrah. The King's emissaries, who undoubtedly took full advantage of this coolness, were therefore responsible for a characteristic bit of writing. "About this time," remarks Alline, "I was solicited by some of the officers to put in for a commission in the militia. I utterly refused to take one step in pursuit of it. Yet, after this, when I got a little in the dark, I began to wish that I had taken it; for that grandeur and esteem of the world, which the Devil and my own corrupt nature suggested I might obtain by success in a few years, began to look pleasant to me like Eve's apples, pleasant to the eyes, and a fruit to be desired."

Rejecting this temptation, he enlisted definitely under "the banner of Jesus Christ," and his diary henceforth is a record of his services to the "Great King." Most of the details are of mere local interest. Halifax was very "dark," Prince Edward Island contained but three Christians. The

Journal bears witness, nevertheless, to Alline's power over the hearts of men. All contemporaries insist on his eloquence and the charm of his personality. Through the success of his missions the orthodox churches were practically deserted; and by the close of the Revolution, Congregationalism as an active force no longer existed. Though Alline never formally abandoned the faith of his parents, its sincerity and its narrowness henceforth served to stimulate, and to confine, the activities of its heirs, the New Lights — afterwards the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces. His autobiography, therefore, is important not because it contains the record of an individual conversion but because it portrays a change that transformed the life of the whole community, and has since exerted a profound influence on religious thought and feeling.

Amid the turmoil of the Revolutionary War the inhabitants of Nova Scotia maintained their interest in spiritual concerns. As their most voluminous writer, Henry Alline, "the Whitefield of the Province," as he has been aptly called, has a place in a survey of the time. His work — that of a simple, uneducated, God-fearing man — is the most striking memorial of the excitement due to his ministry. In its course he wrote a pamphlet, *The Antitraditionist*, and a doctrinal thesis, *Two Miles* (1781), which is interesting because it involved him in controversy with the leaders of the orthodox churches, and thus links his name with the founders of the principal Canadian denominations. These volumes, however, have none of the pathetic appeal of the *Life*, and are surpassed by the five books of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, published in 1786, and reprinted in 1802, which continued to be sung long after his death. Though no one will credit them with any particular merit, their simplicity and directness occasionally transcend the barriers of the artificial diction. Some of the verses indeed show a finely developed lyrical sense; and one song at least — the stanzas beginning,

Amazing sight! the Savior stands
And knocks at every door —

has long held a place in the hymnology of the church.

Of the writers of Alline's school the only name which has survived is that of Benjamin Cleveland (1733-90), a member of the Nova Scotia branch of the Cleveland family. Among the hymns in his collection the most popular are the lines:

O could I find from day to day
A nearness to my God.

In prose and verse, therefore, Alline's work, surpassing in human interest that of all his contemporaries, is the most vital evidence of the theological revolt that tended to unify, and also to isolate, the Puritan inhabitants of Nova Scotia.

By religious and political schism they were separated from the Old Colonies; by distance and dissimilar ideals, from the English-speaking people of Canada. The former they regarded with coolness; the latter, with anxious suspicion. In spite of the ubiquitous Yankee trader, the officials of Quebec, bringing with them English manners and English prejudices, retained intact their national characteristics. The small society which revolved around Government House looked to the Motherland for inspiration. From England came the first press — bought, it is true, by a couple of Philadelphia speculators — to print the official *Gazette* (1763); and to England for publication went the few books written by the little group of exiles. Of these volumes the only ones remembered are the novels of Mrs. Frances Brooke (1745-89) and the works of Francis Maseres (1731-1824).

After her marriage in 1756 Mrs. Brooke accompanied her husband, a garrison chaplain, to his post at Quebec. The first fruit of her residence in America was the flamboyant *The History of Lady Julia Mandeville* (1763), with its extravagant descriptions of Canadian scenery. In 1769 she

gave further recognition to her relationship with Canada by dedicating *The History of Emily Montague* to Guy Carleton, Governor of Quebec. The Montmorency and the St. Lawrence are thus associated with the English Romantic Movement. It is unwise, however, to consider Mrs. Brooke's novels as in any way connected with the development of Canadian literature.

The works of Maseres likewise have not affected succeeding writers. As Attorney-General of Quebec and, afterwards, Agent of the Protestant Settlers, he is, nevertheless, one of the notable figures of the period. A great scholar, a distinguished lawyer, and the friend of Burke, whose ideas he shared, he is introduced by Lamb in his essay "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple." Aside from this reference he is known chiefly by the three volumes of *The Canadian Freeholder* (1777-79), in which he advocated the repeal of the Quebec and Boston Charter Acts. The devotion to Canadian affairs indicated by these dialogues may be gauged from the fact that of thirty-three titles credited to him by the *Dictionary of National Biography* six deal with American questions. Yet his work, like Mrs. Brooke's, and even Alline's, is a mere incident in the evolution of Canadian literature. The main stream does not begin until the Revolution.

CHAPTER III

THE LOYALIST TRADITION AND THE SCOTCH MIGRATION

NOTHING has ever created more acrimonious discussion than the attitude of the Tories during the American Revolution. In the United States they have been universally execrated; in Canada they have been universally idealized. In each case their motives and their actions have been obscured by tradition. South of the Great Lakes they have been represented as ruffians, marauders, and oppressors in an unrighteous war; north of them they have been portrayed as gentlemen, heroes, and martyrs in a noble cause. Both views are undoubtedly wrong: as usual, the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. Unfortunately, old animosities and old prejudices, now almost obliterated, have long made it difficult to discuss impartially the details of the struggle. In estimating here its influence on Canadian life and literature it is possible, in general, to avoid controversy, and to deal entirely with questions of fact — with the number, the position, the aims, and the achievements of the Tories and their political heirs, the United Empire Loyalists.

The strength and character of those who contested the radical propaganda of the Whigs are no longer subjects of debate. In recent years scholars have shown that it is misleading to speak of the formation of a distinct party attached to the Crown; that loyalty was the normal and general attitude; and that, at the beginning of the Revolution, the people of the American Colonies were sincerely devoted to the principle of union. With actual bloodshed there was bound to be a realignment, but at no time does

there seem to have been a fixed majority in favor of independence. As records show, the masses everywhere shifted indifferently from side to side with the ebb and flow of military operations. Large numbers, on the other hand, consistently espoused the royal cause. It was supported, as a matter of course, by those who had no quarrel with society, who were satisfied with conditions as they were. "The aristocracy of culture, of dignified professions and callings, of official rank and hereditary wealth" was, in large measure, found among the Tories. "A clear majority" of "clergymen, physicians, lawyers, and teachers" were "set against the ultimate measures of the Revolution." Not all these by any means were active supporters of the Crown; but from their ranks over "50,000 soldiers . . . were drawn into the service of Great Britain."

Happily, it is needless to turn to the ensuing campaigns with their miserable record of fire and pillage. In the newspapers and pamphlets of the time, however, another kind of warfare, which cannot be ignored, was conducted with equal ferocity. Anyone who is interested in its progress will find it epitomized in Tyler's *Literary History of the American Revolution*, from which I have already quoted. So far as they affect this chapter, the author's conclusions are undoubtedly correct. At first the Loyalists, believing that the legality of imperial taxation could be determined without an appeal to arms, and that the future of the race would be jeopardized by disunion, strove, with evident sincerity, to convert their opponents. Since they belonged "in many cases to the oldest, the wealthiest, most dignified families in the country," and since they were "accustomed always to take the lead in their several colonies, they, of course, looked down with contempt and disgust upon the whole Revolution as a thoroughly plebeian movement." Under these circumstances the controversial period was necessarily of short duration. With the opening of hostilities argument gave place to invective. Both sides evidently

felt, with Jonathan Odell, that the time for discussion had passed. In spite of threats and entreaties the chief feature of this literary strife was the development in prose and verse of the satiric temper bound to emerge from a chaos of centrifugal ideas and opinions. In the case of the Tory protagonists this development was inevitable. When men are assured of the justice of their cause and the sordidness of their enemies, ridicule is a natural mode of attack. In the eighteenth century, moreover, America was still dominated by the art of Dryden and Pope. The heroic couplet as employed by Churchill, whose meteor-like career lit up the drawing-rooms of New York as well as the coffee-houses of London, became the model of its controversialists. His success impressed his force, his ruthlessness, and his brutality on Revolutionary verse and, through it, on Canadian poetry. Through the Loyalists the literary ideals of New England, which were still those of the Old Land, were carried into Acadia and the Canadas.

For obvious reasons the details of their emigration, one of the most striking episodes of history, are practically unknown. In the United States attention has been focused on the problems of reconstruction; in Canada, where research is limited, myth has taken the place of fact. Except in their own homesteads, where family pride has occasionally preserved a few relics of their genius, their actual achievements are forgotten as a dead man out of mind. Of their number and position, however, there is adequate record. At the close of the Revolution over one hundred thousand citizens of the Old Colonies took refuge in British territory — in Nova Scotia, in Canada, in the West Indies, or in Great Britain. Among them were many who could ill be spared. John Adams, who had no reason to exaggerate, estimated that over "one-third of the influential characters" joined in the exodus. It included, of course, all those who had taken an active part against Congress. After the conclusion of peace the victors determined to make the Tories "pay for

the war." To this end Confiscation Acts were passed by the colonial assemblies. Prominent men who favored the Mother Country were proscribed; others less prominent were handed over to the mercies of the rabble. Of the three hundred Massachusetts men singled out for banishment it is significant that sixty were graduates of Harvard, and that the list reads "like the beadroll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and upbuilding of New England civilization." And what is true of Massachusetts is true, to a great extent, of all the Northern Colonies and, to some extent, of the Southern. Although this campaign of persecution was openly countenanced by Washington, it was opposed by Alexander Hamilton and other statesmen who labored for conciliation. One, John Jay, who cannot be accused of any lack of patriotism, charged his countrymen with "an unnecessary rigor and unmanly revenge without a parallel except in the annals of religious bigotry and blindness." Whether his charge be true or false does not alter the facts: the vast majority of the Tory leaders were driven into exile.

Of these the greater number went into contiguous territory. By 1786 there were thirty thousand refugees in Acadia, ten thousand in Quebec, and twenty thousand in what is now Ontario. The movement, begun after the evacuation of Boston, when one hundred and seventy ships left the Bay for Nova Scotia, added materially to the population of British North America. In a few months Halifax rose from a town of three thousand to a city of ten thousand people. At Shelburne, another Loyalist centre, which could boast of three newspapers, as many more were supported by the Imperial Government. In Nova Scotia 33,682, according to a copy of the *Royal Saint John Gazette*, were dependent on the Administration. As late as 1785 twenty-six thousand were drawing rations. So general was the influx that, aside from nine million dollars expended for relief in Acadia and Upper Canada, thirty million dollars were paid to the people of

these districts in compensation for their losses. In addition to the Loyalists who went directly from New England and the South to the shores of the St. John or the St. Lawrence, many who first sailed to England eventually joined their friends and relatives. Most of those whose names occur in these pages followed this triangular itinerary.

In Nova Scotia at least the refugees represented the highest traditions of American culture. With two hundred graduates of Harvard who removed to the Maritime Provinces were large contingents from younger institutions. Exact figures are not available, but an examination of all accessible material indicates that the percentage of *émigrés* among Harvard men was equalled by the alumni of other colleges. Thanks to the uncompromising attitude of the Whigs, Canada was provided with an educated class seldom found in a pioneer community. Many of the clergy had been leaders in their respective denominations; many of the barristers had been justices and chief justices in their native states. Of the five judges of the Superior Court of Massachusetts four were Loyalists. James Putnam (1729-89), a Harvard man reputed to be the ablest lawyer in America, became judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. To the professional classes must be added the civil and military officials who naturally supported the Crown. The Maritime Provinces thus received a large accession of desirable residents. Even the rank and file — men of the loyal regiments — appear to have been respectable citizens. The result was a homogeneous community, unique in origin, with a local pride not found in other sections.

In Upper Canada conditions were altogether different. Aside from a few prominent families the Overland Loyalists of the Niagara Peninsula were drawn, as a rule, from the humbler ranks of society. Ignorant, and with few interests beyond their farms, they were easily exploited by their more experienced and less scrupulous brethren who travelled westward along the Great Waterways. With the latter

thronged the camp followers who accompany any vast migration. Cheap lands and opportunities of preying upon others led thousands of illiterate adventurers to cross the Frontier. With their taverns and trading posts they were to be found at every crossroad. Harmful as was their presence in the older territory, it was in Upper Canada that their influence was most perceptible. To the predominance of this element is due the intellectual sterility of Ontario.

Other causes, it must not be forgotten, operated in both Canada and Acadia. Defeat left the Loyalists stunned and hopeless. "When American Independence was announced to me," wrote Jacob Bailey, of whom I shall have something more to say, "I was sitting in my study and employed in reading; but the instant this disagreeable sound struck my ears I continued motionless, frozen with horror, for the space of ten minutes. . . . During the night I enjoyed but little repose. Interrupted slumbers, distressing dreams, and visions of terror were my constant attendants till the morning opened with a sullen and malignant light to renew a train of melancholy reflections." Anyone who reads his account of exile will wonder not that so little, but that so much, was accomplished. Hunger, cold, and disease left their impress on body and mind. It is true that after the first winter with its tale of death by starvation, exposure, and smallpox the doles of the Cabinet led to a semblance of prosperity; but the bands that played daily on the Promenade at Shelburne, the "hapless port of Roseway," disappeared with imperial support. And with it went the inhabitants to whom the Land of Promise had become the "Nova Scarcity" of Whig delight.

It is hard to be heroic on an empty stomach; and certainly in the life of these exiles there is much that is unheroic. Their letters are filled with complaints against the Administration, with mutual recriminations, and with attacks on the Puritan settlers, with whose ideals they were often at odds. The dominant note is despair; despair at the past, despair

at the present, and despair at the future. Tradition among their descendants, it is true, has represented the Loyalists as eager founders of a new province where they could maintain the flag of England in America. If they intended to establish another English-speaking nation, they took strange pains to conceal their intention. They have left no evidence of any such desire. Most of them were compelled by official or unofficial persecution to leave the Old Colonies; and they looked forward persistently to the time when they could return. In its restricted sense the term *United Empire Loyalists* is a misnomer.

Next to this feeling of despair, which was embittered, curiously enough, by resentment against Great Britain, the arch-betrayer of their fortunes, the most characteristic trait of their literature is homesickness. As exiles in an inhospitable climate they turned their eyes wistfully to the borders of New England. Old loyalties as well as old animosities remained. The men of Halifax hated the Whigs, but they loved Boston. Even after the New Provinces had acquired importance, and the continuance of the Proscriptive Acts, which were not repealed until after the War of 1812, had destroyed all hope of return, the love of their native land was still strong. One sentence from the *Journal* of Jacob Bailey depicts, as nothing else that I know, the temper of the refugees, their despair and their homesickness. "The thoughts," he writes, "of being driven from our country, our much loved home, and all those endearing connections we had been forming for so many years, and, if we escaped the angry vengeance of the ocean, the expectation of landing on a strange and unknown shore depressed our spirits beyond measure." Everywhere the mood of this passage is reduplicated. Jonathan Sewell (1766-1839), son of the Attorney-General of Massachusetts — whose mother was a Quincy, and whose wife was a sister-in-law of John Hancock — wrote to his friend, Ward Chipman, of New Brunswick: "You know the Israelites hankered after the leeks and

onions of Egypt, their native land. So do we Americans after the nuts, cranberries, and apples of America. Cannot . . . you send me two or three barrels of Newton Pippins, large and sound, a few of our American walnuts commonly called *shagbarks* . . . and a few cranberries?" The same idea was expressed succinctly, if more prosaically, by John Coffin (1756-1838), who, with his cousins — all Harvard men — rose to distinction in the service of Great Britain. In reply to a friend's comment on the progress made by the western half of Nova Scotia, which had received a separate charter, he remarked, "I would give more for one pork barrel made in Massachusetts than for all that have been made in New Brunswick since its settlement." And his seems to have been the universal opinion.

Though it dominates all the prose, it finds fullest expression in verse. One of these poems of exile is familiar to American readers. Its author was Joseph Stansbury (1740-1809), an Englishman who emigrated to Philadelphia, where he seems to have relieved the tedium of business by various diversions. His quickness in repartee, his knack of versification, and his skill as a musician at once made him popular. Indeed, he was altogether too cheerful for his own good. While advocating constitutional opposition to the exactions of the Cabinet, he never ceased to preach the doctrine of racial unity. His social instincts rather than his birth made him a Tory: in 1776 it was reported that he "sung 'God Save the King' in his house, and that a number of persons present bore him the chorus." To this exhibition of loyalty he owed his banishment and subsequent flight to New York, where he added materially to the pleasures of the metropolis. At no time did he evince any resentment towards his persecutors. When peace was concluded, he was ready to forget the past:

Now this war at length is o'er,
Let us think of it no more;
Every party lie or name

Banish as our mutual shame;
Bid each wound of faction close,
Blushing we were ever foes.

Unluckily for him, his enemies thought otherwise. On settling in New Jersey, he was seized and thrown into jail. Paroled on condition that he leave the state within nine days, he was compelled, in order to avoid recapture, to take passage for Shelburne, where he spent the next two years. Of his feelings during this period of exile he has left a touching record in the poem "To Cordelia," to which I have alluded. "Believe me," he says, addressing his wife,

Believe me, Love, this vagrant life
O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,
While far from children, friends, or wife,
Or place that I can call a home,
Delights not me: — another way
My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay.

In piercing, wet, and wintry skies,
Where man would seem in vain to toil,
I see, where'er I turn my eyes,
Luxuriant pasture, trees, and foil.
Uncharmed I see: — another way
My fondest hopes and wishes lay.

I quote these stanzas because they contain two of the insistent notes of Loyalist poetry and also because the poem itself is generally regarded as among the best of its time. Several lines have a simplicity and grace seldom found in early American verse. On the other hand its author, though reflecting the sentiments of his party, was not a typical refugee. In the first place, he was an Englishman. In the second place, he eventually returned to his adopted country, where, after ten years of persecution, he was again allowed to strum his songs in the club rooms of New York.

The two chords which he strikes so clearly reëcho in the writings of a man who was in every respect a typical Loyal-

ist. Jacob Bailey, a clergyman from whose *Journal* I have already quoted, was a voluminous writer of prose and verse. Most of his poems — lyrical, dramatic, and narrative, all more or less tinged by political bitterness — have probably been lost. One, among others, remains in mutilated form. On his expulsion from Kennebec in 1779 he composed "A Farewell" of about forty stanzas. Notwithstanding the fact that they are disfigured by false rhymes and conventional phrases, they excel the average verse of the period. As Bailey was a man of cultivated tastes, the owner of one of the most famous gardens in New England, his lines show a feeling for Nature that is almost unique in Revolutionary literature. One of his descriptive touches — When day

Darted his horizontal ray
To stain the distant hills —

I am inclined to rank with the finest verse of the eighteenth century. In conception and arrangement, if not in execution, the poem surpasses all the partisan satires and ballads. Wandering through his garden, the poet takes leave of his beloved flowers. At dawn, he says, as he addresses them,

My cares were fixed on you.

Early in the morning he hurried out,

To mark the progress of your growth
Amidst the glittering dew.

At evening, when the sun was declining on the hills, he continued his ministrations. Now the joy is gone:

Adieu to all my pleasing toil:
No more to smooth the rugged soil
I spend the happy hours;
No more employ my hand and care
Along the winding path to rear
The tender, smiling flowers.

With lingering regret he passes the rose, the "humble crocus," the first to rear its head "amidst surrounding

snows," the columbine, the pink, the "spotted lily," the pansy, the violet, and last — above them all — the gorgeous sunflower,

Erect and towering to the skies,
Shaggy and rough to sense,
He stares with round expanded face
Full on the sun's meridian rays,
Picture of impudence.

From it his eyes wander to the trees he has planted, to the "House of Prayer" glinting through the leaves, and to the churchyard where his children lie buried. Every detail is subordinated to, and harmonized with, his grief at leaving a spot consecrated by toil, by happiness, and by sorrow. In theme at least the poem, which should be contrasted with his bitter lines:

Adieu, adieu to politics
And all the curst infernal tricks
Of fools and ministers who strive
To make rebellion live and thrive —

is a notable landmark. That it was regarded in its day as worthy of preservation is evidenced by the fact that it was turned into pentameters by Samuel Peters (1735-1826), who found it equal to Pope except in its unfashionable metre, which he attempted to rectify, and in a number of similes unrecognized by the canons of the time.¹

Although full of personal interest, the work of Stansbury and Bailey is less important than that of Jonathan Odell (1737-1818), who is regarded as the most brilliant, the most powerful, and the most unrelenting of the Tory satirists. His poems carry on the tradition of Dryden, Pope, and

¹ The last stanza of Peter's version, "differenced" from the original, is suggestive of the changes in form and diction:

Once more we view the solemn scenes around;
With swelling grief my partner calls to mind
Her tender babes beneath the heaving ground,
And weeps to leave the mouldering dust behind.

Churchill. The vindictiveness of his political verse, which has been emphasized by critics, reveals only one side of his character. If it is true that he used the heroic couplet with a dash and vigor attained by no other Revolutionary writer except Freneau, and that he stamped his conservative ideas and his satiric methods on Canadian literature, it is also true that he was a poet of range and taste. Aside from the satires he is remembered chiefly by his "Ode" on the King's Birthday, June 4, 1776, "O'er Britannia's Happy Land," which is parodied in "Hail Columbia." His verses "On Mr. Pope's Garden at Twickenham," which show another phase of his nature, point directly to the source of his inspiration. In his writings, on the contrary, is often a tenderness seldom, or never, found in his master's. Amid the rancor of internecine warfare he could turn from the exigencies of the conflict to celebrate the birthday of his five-year-old daughter Molly. The lines:

My needle and my book employ
The busy moments of my day;
And, for the rest, with harmless joy
I pass them in a round of play —

have an artlessness that it is hard to associate with the author of *The Dunciad*.

Odell's ancestry and career are both typical of the party which he represented. By birth he was connected with two of the oldest colonial families. His mother was a daughter of Jonathan Dickinson, first president of Princeton College. On his father's side he was descended from William Odell, one of the founders of Massachusetts who was living at Concord in 1639. Nearly a century later Jonathan Odell was born at Newark. After graduation from the College of New Jersey he served for a time in the West Indies as a surgeon in the regular forces, but resigned his commission and withdrew to England to take orders. Becoming rector of St. Mary's Parish, Burlington, in his native province, he soon won the esteem of his parishioners. Until mutterings

of rebellion were heard, he consistently advocated the claims of America. When party lines became more closely drawn, he sided with those opposed to armed resistance. Still, he took no active part in the conflict, and apparently wished nothing better than to be left undisturbed in the performance of his religious duties. This was denied to him. In 1777 he was driven from his home and hunted from place to place until he reached New York, where his arrival was received with acclamation by the assembled Tories. His ability as a writer of prose and verse at once gave him a distinguished place in their counsels. He became chaplain to one of the Loyalist regiments and a contributor to the party journals. The pen thus taken up was never laid down until he sailed for England at the close of the war. His residence there was of short duration. Like many who crossed the Atlantic he yearned for the scenes to which he had been accustomed. In a few months he was back in New Brunswick, where he continued, as he was permitted, the duties of his calling; where he became Provincial Secretary and a member of the Executive Council; and where he lived to see his family rise to distinction in the public service of the country. Though he was not a great poet, his life was characteristic of the Loyalists to whom nearly two million Canadians trace their origin. He was too the chief spokesman of his party. Into Canada also he carried the tradition of political satire and the couplet of Pope; and these he left as a heritage to succeeding generations.

His skill as a versifier persisted until his death. On May 6, 1810, when over seventy years of age, he addressed to his wife a number of lines entitled "On Our Thirty-Ninth Wedding Day." Though the old fire has died out, the facility with which he handled his favorite measure remains. In the "safe retreat" that has come to him after the turmoil of the Revolution he is reminded of another haven where they may find rest after the separation that must soon take place:

With what emotions do I see a wife
 And children smiling with affection dear,
 And think how sure that parting and how near!

.
 Then let this verse in your remembrance live
 That, when from life released, I still may give
 A token of my love; may whisper still
 Some fault to shun, some duty to fulfill;
 May prompt your sympathy some pain to share,
 Or warn you of some pleasure to beware;
 Remind you that the Arrow's silent flight,
 Unseen alike at noon or dead of night,
 Should cause no perturbation or dismay,
 But teach you to enjoy the passing day
 With dutiful tranquillity of mind,
 Active and vigilant but still resigned.
 For our Redeemer liveth; and we know,
 How or wherever parted here below,
 His faithful servants, in the Realm above,
 Shall meet again as heirs of his eternal love.

Although the note of peace here sounded is substituted in the nineteenth century for the despair and homesickness supreme in early Loyalist verse, the heroic couplet retained its popularity. Its vogue entailed certain limitations in material and treatment which led to an inevitable loss of sincerity and power. A good illustration is the *Description of the Great Falls of the River Saint John* by Adam Allan (1757-1823). The author, a lieutenant in the Queen's Rangers, an American regiment stationed at Fredericton, wrote the lines while in command of a post at Grand Falls. In the same year, 1798, they were published in England with his version of Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*. Though they have been reprinted, they are not easily accessible. For this reason I shall quote a short extract which will give an adequate idea of the style:

Around the verge what curious objects rise
 To feed the fancy and to feast the eyes!
 Pilasters, arches, pyramids, and cones,
 Turrets enriched with porticoes and domes.

It is apparent that the promise of Bailey's verse is unfulfilled. Though Allan, unlike Stansbury, shows no actual dislike of his surroundings, he has no appreciation of their beauty. The lines are purely mechanical. The quotation, it is true, may do injustice to the author, whose *New Gentle Shepherd* contains several original songs which are said to be "of unusual melody." It is more probable, however, that the ironical commendation of the *New Brunswick Gazette* was not altogether unjustified: the descriptive verse that seems to have been popular in Nova Scotia and Quebec is as void of inspiration. Everywhere the Loyalists clung to the outworn ideals of neo-classicism. Separated from the literary centres of England, it is not surprising that they continued the forms and methods to which they had been accustomed in the Old Colonies. Even if sympathetic intercourse had been possible, the United States had little to offer. The few Englishmen of education who emigrated to British North America readily assumed the modes of thought current among the exiles; with them they took malicious delight in the financial difficulties of Congress, and with them they continued to asseverate their adherence to the Motherland. Nothing requires more skill and force than a satire or patriotic ode, of which there are few successful examples before the War of 1812. One of the best songs which has survived is an ode "To the Memory of Lord Nelson," written and sung at Fredericton, in 1806, in celebration of the battle of Trafalgar. The last stanzas, direct echoes of one of Stansbury's lyrics, are indicative of their time:

Wherever your far-dreaded sails are unfurled,
The Genius of Nelson shall fight by your side,
And teach you again to astonish the world
By deeds unexampled, achievements untried.
Then, Britons, strike home!
For ages to come
Your Nelson shall conquer and triumph again.
Each tar shall inherit
A share of his spirit,

And all prove invincible Lords of the Main.
 Lords of the Main ? Aye, Lords of the Main.
 The tars of Old England are Lords of the Main.

Nor are we alone in the noble career ;
 The soldier partakes of the generous flame.
 To glory he marches, to glory we steer ;
 Between us we share the rich harvest of fame.
 Recorded on high,
 Their names never die
 Whose deeds the renown of their country sustain.
 The King, then, God bless him,
 The world shall confess him
 The Lord of those men who are lords of the Main.
 Lords of the Main ? Aye, Lords of the Main.
 The tars of Old England are Lords of the Main.

Notwithstanding the verve and energy of these lines, which attest the continued popularity of Loyalist verse, they cannot be ranked high.

In spite of their formal technique writers like Bailey and Odell impress a reader by their sincerity. With a few exceptions those who followed were mere imitators. Through the eminence in public affairs of Loyalist families, who were quick to capitalize their sacrifices, a proper hatred of the United States and an equally proper love of England became social decencies to be expressed in traditional terms. The detrimental effect, moral and aesthetic, of these conventions cannot be overestimated.

Their baneful influence, now largely shattered, which still impedes, through obscure and complex forces, the free development of Canadian life and literature, is mirrored in the collections of letters which have escaped the ravages of time. In the voluminous correspondence of the Loyalists it is possible to trace their despair, their homesickness, and their final contentment. In due course they began to take pride in their achievements and in the high standard of culture they had brought with them from the Old Colonies. A

few even dreamed of a distant future when a great English nation in the North would dominate the enfeebled descendants of the rebellious colonists, whom they regarded as inferior in birth and education. In spite of their egotism and complacency their activities must have been seriously curtailed by their emigration. Their letters, always in good taste, reflect the narrowness of pioneer life. The writers had little time for anything beyond the daily routine essential to existence. Surveying, the construction of wagon roads, and the clearing of farms do not tend towards *belles lettres*. Though the Loyalists left many intimate records of their labors and diversions, they are too uniformly practical to be of interest. It is true that those preserved in such collections as *The Winslow Papers* are brighter, more varied, more vivacious, and, in general, more devoted to music, art, and literature than the correspondence of the Whigs found in American anthologies; but no one unless blinded by the national feeling which makes Odell or Freneau great poets will credit either with literary merit.

An exception, so far as the Tories are concerned, may be found, according to competent authorities, in the reports of Charles Inglis (1734-1816), first bishop of the Church of England in Nova Scotia. Emigrating from Ireland, he taught a free school at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he was ordained in 1759. Five years later he became assistant at Trinity Church, New York, and, thirteen years afterwards, rector. While head of this, one of the most prominent colonial churches, he was drawn into the political controversies of the day. In the *Letters of Papinian* (1779), addressed to John Jay after the French Alliance, he took a broader view of the struggle than most of the Tory pamphleteers. These letters were followed by *The True Interest of America Impartially Considered*. By *An American*, a dignified reply to *Common Sense*. In several respects his papers are more able and effective than those of his colleagues. For this reason probably his correspondence is

considered of importance. Since the greater part of his congregation went to Halifax in 1783, it was natural that he should eventually return from England, where he had gone after the Peace of Versailles. On his elevation to the bishopric, in 1787, he began a series of reports which has been preserved in manuscript at Lambeth Palace. Though these monographs, which extend to many volumes, are excellent sketches of religious and educational conditions in British North America, they do not demand any special notice. Even his journals, which occasionally contain vivid narratives of his experiences and clearly drawn portraits of the people whom he met, must appeal primarily to those interested in the development of the Maritime Provinces.

There, as I have shown, it is necessary to look for the intellectual activity of the Loyalist Period. The new settlers, favored by the Government, appointed to lucrative positions, and enriched by grants of land and money, soon stamped their peculiar ideas on the communities in which they lived. The labors of the Acadians and the Puritans thus went to strengthen their power. The Congregationalists who had not become Baptists joined the Presbyterian churches, which were established at this time, or transferred their allegiance to the Church of England, which represented the Tory party and the official class. The new alignment of religious forces, and the subsequent separation from New England, where episcopacy was at a disadvantage, aided the Loyalists in their efforts for supremacy. Religious differences, as well as social distinctions, both of which had embittered the Revolution, tended to produce a homogeneous community.

The thoughts and feelings of those who formed it — of those at least who were its leaders — are reflected in the diaries which have been handed down from generation to generation. According to material they may be divided into two classes determined by the interests, military or civil, of the writers.

Naturally those who bore arms, both regulars and volunteers, had something to say of their adventures. Representative of the first element of this group is Captain Antony Allaire (1755-1838), of Douglas, New Brunswick, author of several letters in Remington's *Royal Gazette*, whose *Diary* of the South Carolina campaign has been highly commended. Born at New Rochelle, New York, he entered the Loyal American Regiment as a lieutenant, and, with his command, was present at the battle of King's Mountain, where Ferguson's Corps was surrounded and destroyed. His escape and subsequent experiences are depicted in his memoranda. Though the incidents are stirring enough, the value of his notes, mere random jottings, is essentially historical.

A more significant figure is James Moody, a lieutenant in the first battalion of New Jersey Volunteers, and afterwards a member of the Nova Scotia Assembly. His story, told in the third person, is a frank account of his vicissitudes. After referring to the disturbances which followed the outbreak of hostilities, he explains his refusal to join the insurgents and his decision to support the established government. His situation, as he says, was "trying and difficult." "He foresaw in its fullest force that torrent of reproach, insult, and injury that he was sure to draw down on his family by a contrary conduct. . . . Of the points in debate between the parent state and his native country he pretended not to be a competent judge: they were studiously so puzzled and perplexed that he could come to no other conclusion than that, however real or great the grievances of the Americans might be, rebellion was not the way to redress them. . . ."

Speaking of the troops whom he commanded, he says:

They were, in general, men of some property and, without a single exception, men of principle. They fought for what appeared to be the true interests of their country as well as to regain their little plantations and to live in peace under a constitution that they knew, by experience, to be auspicious to their happiness. Their conduct in their new profession as soldiers verifies their character: they have been brave, and they have been humane.

From these extracts it is evident that Moody's story throws considerable light on the character and attitude of the Loyalist forces. Nevertheless, in spite of its candor and conscientiousness, it belongs, like Allaire's *Diary*, to the realm of the historian. None of the memoirs of the regular soldiery has any special charm.

It is not to be expected, therefore, that the journals of the partisan leaders will reward the investigator. One example, nevertheless, may be cited for illustration. The most notorious, and certainly the most hated, of the irregular commanders who harried the Whigs was Colonel David Fanning (1754-1825), whose exploits must not be confused with those of his namesake, Edmund Fanning (1737-1818), the distinguished jurist who raised and commanded the King's American Regiment, and later became Governor of Prince Edward Island. David Fanning had little in common with a scholar who had been honored by the greatest universities of England and America. Relatively poor and uneducated, he had no resources but the courage and agility which enabled him to control his native state and to carry prisoner into Charleston the republican governor and his suite. From his raids and his success in eluding capture have sprung numerous legends in which he is represented as the embodiment of evil. The ill-will responsible for these distorted versions of his forays evidently induced him to write his *Narrative Detailing Astonishing Events in North Carolina. From 1775-1783*. In setting forth (1790) the incidents of his life, he takes malicious pleasure in the misery of the United States, which he attributes to divine intervention because of their treatment of the Loyalists. Speaking in particular of his own misfortunes, he says: "I was forced to leave the place of my nativity for my adherence to the British Constitution, and, after my sore fatigues, I arrived at St. John River; and there, with the blessing of God, I have hitherto enjoyed the sweets of peace." Then follows a quotation from the thirty-seventh psalm: "Mark the perfect

man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace" — an implication of righteousness which has created no little amusement among critics. Their surprise as well as their charge of hypocrisy is due to ignorance. The words in question, which are not in Fanning's hand, were evidently written by his wife or son. The memoir, with occasional irregularities of spelling and punctuation, which have evidently been exaggerated by the editor to enforce his view of Fanning's character, bears every sign of truth.

Its gruesome description of the predatory warfare that harassed the Southern Colonies — a struggle in which Fanning was twice wounded and fourteen times taken prisoner — are interspersed with entertaining sidelights on the social life of the Revolution. Especially novel is the author's account of his honeymoon. In time these personal touches, which are generously human, will doubtless help to counterbalance his unsavory reputation in Carolina. So powerful is the force of tradition that a Southern historian, on visiting New Brunswick, was surprised to find Fanning's son an honorable and respected gentleman. Through the latter's courtesy an edition of the *Narrative*, garbled by the editor to suit its presumptive audience, was published in the United States in 1861. Reprints south of the Border have followed this mutilated copy, which reflects only one side in the life of a man who was popular enough to be elected to the Assembly of the province. His *Narrative*, badly written and worthless in every respect, is an apology by the most calumniated Tory partisan. As such it deserves the attention of those who would understand the temper of the refugees gathered on the banks of the St. John.

For adequate interpretation of Loyalist sentiment, however, it is necessary to turn to the autobiographies of those who fought not with the sword but with the pen. One specimen will suffice. Among the memoirs of noncombatants the *Journals* of Jacob Bailey (1731-1808) are the most extensive. Early in life he acquired the habit of recording

his daily thoughts and experiences. So indefatigable was he in the performance of this task that his writings form an illuminating commentary on colonial institutions. In every way he was admirably qualified to paint an accurate and sympathetic picture of his countrymen in Massachusetts and Nova Scotia. His mother was a daughter of Joshua Wingate of New Hampshire; his father's family had been in Rowley, his birthplace, since the middle of the seventeenth century. His knowledge of social conditions makes his observations in his diaries — parts of which are still available — particularly valuable. A perusal of these diurnal essays in miniature would be an excellent antidote to the sentimentality with which the Puritan Era is often regarded. At present, however, I am more concerned with those divisions of his prose which have to do with his life in the Maritime Provinces. It is possible to pass over the story of his student days at Harvard, where he was graduated, in 1755, with his friends, John Adams and John Wentworth, the latter of whom became Governor of Nova Scotia. It is possible also to dismiss his career as a schoolmaster, as a Congregational minister, and as a Church of England clergyman at Pownalboro, where he lived happily and uneventfully with his books and his flowers until he was forced to abandon his parish. The narrative of his exile, which followed a concealment of five weeks, is to be found in his *Journal of a Voyage from Pownalboro to Halifax*. After saying farewell to his parishioners, several of whom followed him to the shore, he took passage on a schooner across the Bay of Fundy. Amid the storm and misery he did not forget his memorandum book. When he hears that a few Yankee sailors have cut out a couple of brigs from under the guns of Halifax, he cannot repress his exultation. His countrymen, he insists, are the bravest in the world; but their courage, he adds naively, "increases in proportion to the badness and villainy of the cause they endeavor to support." The *Journal* is replete with minute observations that indicate the author's

alertness — glimpses of the sea in its various moods; the escape of a hen, or the angling of John Hoffmann, reproved with oaths by his brothers for taking codfish on the Sabbath Day. Altogether it has a freshness and vitality wanting in most Loyalist memoirs.

At times there is a directness that is almost biblical. For instance, in describing a storm on the voyage across the Bay of Fundy, Bailey remarks:

We, however, found some consolation when we perceived that the wind rather abated; and in the afternoon it blew in our favor so that we rediscovered the land towards evening. But the fog continued to hover over the surface of the water so that it was wholly unsafe to aim at any harbor. In bearing away from the shore we discovered through the surrounding fog several little islands, interspersed with rugged rocks, against which the waves, dashing with violence, occasioned a frightful roaring. We had the good fortune, however, to escape without damage.

Again, as in an apostrophe to gold, he falls into the surging periods of sermonic eloquence; again, into long descriptive passages varied by many curious turns and allusions. Bailey is one of the few Revolutionary writers who can see the humorous side of the conflict. Speaking of his arrival at Halifax, he says:

My legs were covered with a thick pair of blue woollen stockings which had been so often mended and darned by the fingers of frugality that scarce an atom of the original remained. My breeches, which just concealed the shame of my nakedness, had formerly been black, but, the color being worn out with age, nothing remained but a rusty grey besmattered with lint and bedaubed with pitch. Over a coarse tow and linen shirt manufactured in the looms of sedition I sustained a coat and waistcoat of the same dandy grey russet; and, to secrete from public inspection the innumerable rents, holes, and deformities which time and misfortune had wrought in these ragged and weather-beaten garments, I was furnished with a blue surtout fretted at the elbows, worn at the button-holes, and stained with a variety of tints, so that it might truly be styled a coat of many colors; and, to render the external department of my habit still more conspicuous and worthy of observation, the waist descended below my knees and the skirt hung dangling about my heels; and, to complete the whole, a jaundice-

colored wig, devoid of curls, was shaded by the remnants of a rusty beaver. Its monstrous brim, replete with notches and furrows, and grown limpsy by the alternate inflictions of storm and sunshine, lopped over my shoulders, and obscured a face meagre with famine and wrinkled with solitude.

To anyone who has plodded through the dispiriting autobiographies of the period such passages are peculiarly welcome. Of Loyalist writers Bailey is one of the most entertaining. A man of culture and ability, simple and artless in manner, he touches the Old Colonies and the New. Of the great volume of his work, which includes his *Observations on the Minerals of Nova Scotia*, comparatively little has been published. The two editions of *The Frontier Missionary*, by which he is principally known, were printed, as an historian of his native state has pointed out, at a time when it was impossible to do justice to anyone who had supported the established government. When the collection of his manuscripts is undertaken, many curious links between the peoples of the two countries with which his life was intimately connected will doubtless be discovered.

With informal reminiscences like Bailey's it is not surprising to find attempts at formal history. These have to do with the colonies in which the Loyalists were born, and to which they still looked with affection, and with the New Provinces in which they were beginning to take justifiable pride. There are in existence published and unpublished monographs on New England in general and Massachusetts and Connecticut in particular. Interesting as they may be to the historian, they are not distinguished by literary skill. The same criticism may be made of the specific accounts of the Loyalist Migration. The only possible exception of which I am aware is *A Description of the Province of New Brunswick and an Account of the Sufferings of the American Loyalists who were Transported Thither*. This sketch, written by Jacob Bailey, who also wrote *A History of New England*, as well as *A History of the Eastern Country*, which likewise

remained unpublished because he and the printer were forced to flee, is seemingly a hurried fragment enlivened only by his unfailing humor.

A more pretentious work is *The History of Canada* (1804) by George Heriot (1766-1844), first Postmaster-General of British North America, who was intimately connected with the literary coteries of New Brunswick. His volume, which is based on *L'Histoire de la Nouvelle France* (1746) by Father Charlevoix, is the most substantial book published by the English society of Quebec, which remained an isolated community in the midst of one hundred thousand French-speaking people. It was followed by his *Travels through the Canadas. Containing a Description of some of the Picturesque Scenery on some of the Rivers and Lakes* (1807), an ambitious undertaking illustrated with considerable taste. Though his comparative view of the manners and customs of the Indian tribes is full of archaeological information, many of his paragraphs are mere summaries of unimportant facts. The style also is incoherent, slipshod, and bombastic. Heriot's crude romanticism, however, offered the critics a greater opportunity for ridicule. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the comment of the *Edinburgh Review* even more entertaining than the description of "the vast lake, the dark mountain, and the foaming cataract" over which it waxed hilarious. Nevertheless, though a reader, misled by the title, searches in vain for a vista of the St. Lawrence with its power and beauty, the *Travels* could not have been entirely unappreciated. In 1813, while Heriot was serving in the field against the forces of the United States, it was republished at Philadelphia. It is important, therefore, because it shows that activity before the War of 1812 was not confined entirely to the Maritime Provinces.

Before peace had been declared, Jonathan Sewell, Chief Justice of Lower Canada, and author of several legal treatises, had written a brochure advocating a union of the provinces and another *On the Advantage of Opening the River*

St. Lawrence to the Commerce of the World (1814). His brother Stephen had published the letters of *Veritas* (1815), and Bishop Strachan (1778-1867), in Upper Canada, had contributed a series of essays to the meagre literature of that province.

To the Maritime Provinces, nevertheless, a reader must turn for the miscellaneous prose of significance. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the high standard set by the Congregational ministers was maintained by the Loyalist clergymen. At no time in the history of the Church of England in Canada has the education of its priests been as satisfactory as at the close of the Revolution. Among those whose names are still remembered are Samuel Andrews (1736-1818), a graduate of Yale and first rector of St. Andrew's, and Mather Byles, junior (1734-1814), rector of Trinity Church, St. John. Like his father, grandson of Increase and nephew of Cotton Mather, the latter associated religion and loyalty, and so carried into the New Provinces the culture of Boston and the scholarship of Harvard. Like his father also he was something of a poet. One of the best of his poems is the epithalamium beginning,

Can mortal tongue explain the bliss
Of raptured saints above ?
Their bosoms rest in perfect peace,
Their hearts expand in love.

Although none of the Loyalist clergymen or the missionaries who came from England left any collected sermons, those which were published — addresses in celebration of British victories or of popular anniversaries — are valuable indices of their power. It would be rash, however, to suggest that they have any interest apart from their setting.

This statement is also true of a book which might have been linked with the memoirs of noncombatants. Walter Bates (1760-1842), who went to St. John in the Spring Fleet of 1783, collected his reminiscences of Connecticut and New Brunswick in several fragmentary monographs. He is

known today, however, not by these trivial anecdotes but by his story *The Mysterious Stranger* (1817), which has been republished under various titles. Though the date of its publication extends beyond the Loyalist Period, the events which it chronicles took place in 1812-15. In the following year Bates set out to Portland with his manuscript, but adverse winds, which carried him to New York, led to its printing in New Haven. The Connecticut edition was followed by others in Great Britain and the Maritime Provinces, where it is still read. As the first Canadian book to appear in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada, it is naturally invested with a certain antiquarian interest. By critics it has been called "one of the curiosities of literature"; and indeed it has little but its strangeness to commend it. As Sheriff of King's County, New Brunswick, Bates had charge of a young man accused of horse stealing. The prisoner, found guilty on rather flimsy evidence, was sentenced to death. His conflicting accounts of how he came into possession of the horse led the presiding judge to rule that he had been taken "in the manner." Fortunately for him there had been no executions in the province for this crime; and, to maintain its record, he was pardoned by the Governor. On his release he went to the United States, where he forthwith got into other difficulties. So great was the popular interest in his case that the editor of the *Portland Gazette* requested the Sheriff, who was familiar with his career, to write a narrative of his adventures. To warn others the latter draws a portrait of the criminal:

Always neat and clean in his dress and astonishingly quick and active in his motion (would catch mice with his handcuffs on); fond of smoking; sings well, and whistles remarkably; and can play on almost any instrument of music. He is a blacksmith, a shipwright, a tailor, and a farmer; in fact everything; for he has the strength of a lion and the subtlety of the Devil.

His strength and subtlety, it is clear, nonplussed his keeper. In spite of irons weighing forty-six pounds the

Mysterious Stranger, with his music and his entertainments, contrived to escape. The record of his sufferings, as related by Bates, who was sincerely concerned about his welfare, is a striking commentary on the administration of justice. To chain a man naked to a bundle of straw seems to have been a natural precaution against escape. If this treatment had been likely to arouse indignation, it is not probable that the Sheriff would have given such a detailed account of the imprisonment. The evident truth of his descriptions does something to counterbalance the scraggly character of his style.

These descriptions, drawn from the facts of the moment, are suggestive of another development. While the Loyalists recorded informally their experiences in the Old Colonies and the New, and while they attempted in vain to coördinate their impressions in formal history, they also laid the foundations of Canadian journalism. The leading newspapers of Philadelphia, for instance, were transferred bodily to Nova Scotia. In 1812 seven weeklies of some pretension which had survived the literary wreck of 1793 were still printed in Acadia and the Canadas. All but two of these unfortunately were official organs controlled by government houses and devoted almost exclusively to legislative reports and discussions. Any signs of editorial independence were ruthlessly suppressed, and one editor at least suffered imprisonment for his temerity in criticizing an unpopular measure. Nevertheless, in spite of this unreasoning censorship, several papers continued the Revolutionary temper. It is curious to notice how ridicule and burlesque were thus engrafted on the journalism of British North America. Aside from the strength of this tendency, which was to have a noteworthy outflowing in the work of Haliburton and his contemporaries, little is to be gleaned from the dust-covered files. The space not devoted to official announcements contains news of the outside world. Emphasis is entirely utilitarian. The only exception is the original verse,

which is as colorless and as insipid as that which I have already discussed.

From its faded rhymes and stock comparisons it is pleasant to turn to the Loyalist reviews, which are evidence of the high standard of education among the new settlers. The first in point of time was the *Nova Scotia Magazine* (1789-91), a monthly printed, and for some time edited, by John Howe, father of Joseph Howe. Its scope is explained by the subtitle: *A Comprehensive Review of Literature, Politics, and News. Being a Collection of the Most Valuable Articles which Appear in the Periodical Publications of Great Britain, Ireland, and America; with Various Pieces in Prose and Verse Never before Published.* The purpose, as outlined by the editor, was threefold: "to preserve and diffuse a taste for British literature"; to encourage "young writers among the rising generation to try their strength"; and, finally, to further the interests of the province. These points are emphasized in the various sections. In the first, that devoted to literature, a reader is at once impressed by the wide range of topics. There are extracts dealing with every conceivable subject from religion to ornithology. In politics there is the same diversity. The debates in the House of Commons are carefully reported; the European situation is analyzed; even Congress is not forgotten. To the average reader who thinks of Canada as a young country without literary background it is fascinating to turn to these volumes with their reminiscences of Pitt and Burke, of the Stamp Act and the Declaration of Independence.

It is this aroma of the past also that impresses him as he leaves the pages on new books. Though the reviews are far from illuminating, they often give an adequate idea of the material in hand. Most striking of all are the sections headed poetry. Here the names of Akenside, Beattie, Johnson, Peter Pindar, Pye, and Warton emphasize the adherence of the Loyalists to the canons of their era. Latin and French verse also found their way into the columns. In

addition there are translations from the classics and sentimental love poems by Canadian dilettanti who conceal their identity under such pseudonyms as Werter, Amintor, and Minimus. In his version of "Odin, an Highland Ballad," Pollio, one of these triflers who occasionally wrote admirable lines, turns to Milton and Gray for his diction. His mediocre couplets, frankly criticized by the editor, and Collins' "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands," which is reproduced in full, are almost the only signs of the new spirit which was revivifying the poetry of Great Britain.

So far as actual accomplishment is concerned, the *Nova Scotia Magazine* may be quickly dismissed. With a few exceptions its verse is as uninspiring as the minor verse on the other side of the Atlantic. Of its original prose, which is too limited in bulk to require separate notice, the only contributions of any impressiveness are "A Plan of Liberal Education for the Youth of Nova Scotia and the Sister Provinces in North America," and the public letters of "Columnella." In these "essays," as the author styles them, he discusses the agricultural prospects of the province in a clear, sane, and effective manner. His suggestion that a professorship of "rural economics" be established at King's College, of which I shall speak in a moment, is an early plea for technical education on the farm. A direct result of this appeal was the establishment, in 1789, of the King's County Agricultural Society, which is still in existence. The essays are thus the forerunners of the well-known *Letters of Agricola* (1818) by John Young, who "made the province flourish with his pen." "Columnella's" observations, of course, are primarily utilitarian. As today, the aesthetic had to give way to the practical. Yet for those who desire to know the literary relations of Canada in the last decade of the eighteenth century these old-fashioned volumes modelled after the *Universal Magazine* and others of its kind have no little significance. Every page corroborates the assumption that the ideals of the Loyalists were still those of the Old Colonies.

Unfortunately, the review does not touch the next century. Like most early periodicals it was short-lived. The first volume appeared in 1789, and in 1790 its promoter, the Loyalist President of King's, was forced to relinquish the editorship. That his belief in the permanence of the *Magazine*, which could boast of three hundred subscribers, was unwarranted does not detract from the merit of the undertaking.

His claim that it had no superior in America or Great Britain would probably be echoed by the editors of the *Quebec Magazine*, a monthly in French and English, which represented the official Loyalist society of Lower Canada. Kingsford, who is conservative in his statements, says that few volumes of its date are superior. The writers, members of a literary association who attempted to adapt their review to the needs of British North America, were men of "ability and discretion." Possibly they overestimated their powers; possibly the *Magazine*, begun in 1792, was too pretentious for the small community that it served. At any rate, the last number appeared in 1794.

These two transitory periodicals are not the only evidence of intellectual ambition. Jeremiah Pecker, a Harvard graduate, set up a school at St. John, where he taught many of the men who laid the foundations of New Brunswick. In 1781, Benjamin Snow, a Dartmouth man, began the High School at Annapolis. Even more important than the influence of the Loyalist schoolmasters, which it is hard to overestimate, is that of King's College. As soon as the issue of the Revolution was decided, a committee of Loyalists including such men as Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford), Edward Winslow, and Joshua Upham, all of Massachusetts, and many other distinguished alumni of Harvard and Yale who afterwards left their mark on the life of British North America, met at New York to make arrangements for the transportation of their countrymen to Nova Scotia. Early in 1783 a group of eighteen clergymen, of whom the ma-

jority were Americans, met to discuss the establishment of an episcopate in the same province. The "Plan of a Religious and Literary Institution" formulated a few days before was more fully canvassed by a subcommittee of five, which included Inglis and Odell. As a result of their deliberations the University of King's College was begun as an academy, in 1787, at Windsor, in a house leased from Susanna Franklin, granddaughter of Peter Faneuil of Boston. In 1789, by legislative action, it was raised to the status of a college, and next year, under its President, William Cochran, formerly professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Columbia, and its governors, Bishop Inglis, Sir John Wentworth, and Chief Justice Samuel Blowers — the last two, graduates of Harvard — opened its lecture rooms to the young men of the province. A few months later it was able to inaugurate its library through the munificence of a Boston merchant. The first English college in Canada, like the first English schools, whether Puritan or Loyalist, was thus closely connected with the intellectual life of the Old Colonies.

With wise foresight the only limitation at King's was the requirement that the president should be a clergyman of the Church of England. As a result it received the support of the entire community. Between 1790 and 1802, when a royal charter was secured, two hundred Nova Scotians passed through its halls. In 1802, however, when the reactionary forces had secured control in all provinces, the Imperial Government was induced to pass an act limiting matriculants to members of the Church of England. Since three-quarters of the people were traditionally opposed to its teaching, the student body immediately dropped to one-sixth of its previous number, and the college rapidly lost its influence in the province. Nevertheless, in spite of this handicap, it still remained the most potent stimulus in the New Colonies. Among its graduates were many notable clergymen, lawyers, men of letters, soldiers, and financiers

whose names are linked with the development of Canadian thought and achievement: Edmund Alburne Crawley, founder of Acadia College, which has never lost entirely the zeal of its first Puritan supporters; Sir James Cochrane, Chief Justice of Gibraltar; Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the satirist; Major General Sir John Inglis, the defender of Lucknow; and Sir Edward Samuel Cunard, Bart., founder of the steamship line which bears his name.

The narrow sectarian policy which, in the early part of the nineteenth century, limited the usefulness of King's to communicants of the Church of England, did not entirely deprive the majority of educational facilities. Congregationalism, as I have shown, had practically ceased to exist. Most of the early Congregationalists had become Baptists; the rest had joined the Presbyterian churches that were making headway in the North. To the latter also most of the Loyalists who did not belong to the Church of England transferred their allegiance. A curious memorial of this change is the fact that the name of Mather Church, at one time the finest in America, has become corrupted to St. Matthew. As a result of this movement Presbyterianism, by the beginning of the nineteenth century, had attained a position which made possible an academy for its adherents. For historic and social reasons, however, Pictou had none of the prestige attached to King's, which inherited the curricula of the older college in New York.

Nevertheless, the Established Church of Scotland represented the religious faith of a large part of Nova Scotia. Next to the Loyalist Immigration the most striking incident in its history is the influx from Old Scotia during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. In 1773, before Lexington and Bunker Hill, over twenty-five thousand Highlanders, driven from their glens by unscrupulous chieftains, emigrated to Cape Breton, to Prince Edward Island, or to the Mainland. The communities so formed were strengthened by other settlements, often by Lowlanders, in various

parts of Canada. Great Scotch centres like Glengarry and Pictou, which have contributed so much to the virility of the Dominion, were thus established. The Highlanders, living in isolation, retained their beliefs and recreations. Ignorant and illiterate, they were long children of Nature for whom the wraiths walked on the hilltops. In a strange environment the songs of the Gaels, still crooned by their firesides, assumed a local significance, developing imperceptibly into a body of folklore that is now passing with the increased uniformity of national life. None of this, however, affected the literature of the time. Nor did the people of the Lowland communities, which have given to Canada many of its scientists and educators, contribute, apart from the literature of travel,¹ anything more inspiring than the sermons of their ministers.² Like the Highlanders, they lived by themselves with eyes turned across the Atlantic. As the Loyalists looked back to Boston, the Scotch looked back to Dundee. They yearned for the old friends and the old associations. As yet they were Scotchmen as the Loyalists were Yankees or Cavaliers. The bitterness of exile shadowed all their thoughts and the words in which they were clothed. Though most of the Gaelic ballads, as I have said, are being forgotten, their mood is preserved in a translation of one of the most pathetic poems of exile:

From the lone shelling of the misty island
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Thus at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were in Canada numerous communities — French, Loyalist, and Scotch — with little, or no, intellectual intercourse, and

¹ See Chapter XIII.

² Though the English and Scottish popular ballads were long current in the Lowland communities, there is no evidence that the native ballads derived from them are of any importance.

with nothing in common but their feeling of banishment. Probably there was rivalry, probably misunderstanding, probably jealousy, probably bitterness. Fate, however, favored the Loyalists. On their side they had wealth, education, and official position; and to them must be given credit for the maintenance of literary ambition. On the other hand, it is folly to argue that they made any advance in the decades after the Revolution. Their first efforts, in 1790, which are not to be disparaged, were unsuccessful. After the failure of these attempts there seems to have been constant deterioration. Since their literature proper was almost entirely reminiscent, it gradually disappeared with the recession of the past. Many, as I have intimated, recorded their impressions; but no one, so far as I am aware, possessed the outlook upon life, the imaginative power, and the felicity of expression essential to success. There is no master among Loyalist writers. Whatever they wrote was conditioned largely by the struggle in which they had played such an absorbing part. When that struggle receded in their memories, there were no aesthetic impulses, no dreams of the future, to take its place. Progress in a new country, even under the most favorable conditions, is bound to be slow. When men are old and hopeless, it is bound to be slower. A typical case is that of Timothy Ruggles (1711-95), a graduate of Harvard, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of Massachusetts, and President of the Congress at New York, who, in all probability, would have been head of the Republic if he had cast in his lot with the Revolutionists. In 1784, when he was over seventy, he and his sons, deserted by their mother, began clearing their grants in the land where their descendants still live. Under such circumstances the achievements of the new settlers must have seemed discouraging; yet, limited as they were, they were further curtailed by an event of the first importance — President Madison's Declaration of War against Great Britain.

CHAPTER IV

THE RISE OF DEMOCRACY

THE effect of the War cannot be exaggerated. In every province economic conditions had permitted executive control, with its endless train of consequence, to drift into the hands of a few mercenary families. During the decades after the Revolution, when the inhabitants were engaged in clearing their homesteads, legislative enactments meant little enough. In the nineteenth century, when the nature of these restrictions became apparent, those on whom they had been foisted found themselves encompassed by a group of oligarchies buttressed in journalism, religion, and education. Since the Councils possessed the ear and support of the Imperial Government, hostility was therefore extended to Great Britain. As a result, the people were soon at odds not only with the Compacts but also with the Mother Country. Exactions by the latter increased their irritation to such an extent that the Declaration of War by the United States found it actively opposed, contrary to belief, by few except those entrusted with the tasks of administration.

The attitude of the Colonial Office had accelerated the inevitable rapprochement between the immigrants and their relatives in New England and the Central States. Through force of circumstance they had to depend largely on Yankee papers, Yankee churches, and Yankee schools. The New Colonies were again becoming part of the Old when the raids from the South stopped the process of assimilation, and led to organized resistance. With less than five thousand British troops to support them, the militia of the Canadas, aided by the Maritime regiments, undertook the defense of the Frontier. From a population of two hun-

dred thousand people — half French and half English in speech — nearly thirty-five thousand men were drawn into the Army of the West. By its attack, with its aftermath of hatred and misunderstanding, the United States thus destroyed all probability of absorption, and defeated the object for which its statesmen had ostentatiously labored.

Notwithstanding the losses of life and property due to the invasion, it resulted in a feeling of unity and enthusiasm of which the effects have been incalculable. The fact that French, Loyalist, and Scotch battalions, alone and together, had achieved notable victories against great odds at once created a semblance of union. Individual achievements excited further pride and exultation. De Salaberry's discomfiture of Wilkinson at Chateaugay, Macdonell's advance from Glengarry to support the *Voltigeurs*, and Laura Secord's tramp to warn Fitzgibbon — all these exploits accentuated the nationalistic momentum. When the depression that followed the fictitious prosperity of the War had been halted, the new spirit, of which Sewell's pamphlet on the Confederation is an index, began to bear fruit.

Meantime the Oligarchies had strengthened their bulwarks. Among the families capable of disinterested service the losses had been heavy. Many young Canadians like Captain Charles Bailey, eldest son of the diarist, who was killed at the battle of Chippewa, had laid down their lives. Many others like Richardson the novelist ¹ had been drawn into the imperial forces. The Mercenaries too had done their part; but what they had lost in blood they had gained in power. At Queenston Heights, where fifteen hundred troops were driven over the cliffs by a thousand militiamen, those who escaped surrendered to a Bostonian; and when the body of Brock was carried to the grave, it was escorted by a staff recruited from the scions of New England. It is easy to understand how the Compacts retained their outposts in the community.

¹ See Chapter XI.

When the masses, conscious at last of servitude, set their faces towards the goal to which their origins pointed, they found themselves confronted by an official press at the beck of the Reactionaries. Everywhere the battle for freedom centred at first in the newspaper; and so gallantly was the issue joined that, long before the Confederation, liberty of speech had been assured, and, by 1867, over four hundred journals were free to shape the conduct of national concerns.

From the press the struggle extended to the church. Through the Councils a quarter of the population had abrogated to itself the rights of the majority. The pretensions of the Establishment were therefore challenged by Roman Catholics, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians. Owing to their weakness outside Quebec, to special prerogatives and ambitions, and to the hostility of other bodies, the Roman Catholics remained in comparative isolation. For opposite reasons, the Baptists, who had stood courageously for democratic principles, failed to obtain a hearing in the legislatures of the Dominion. Lack of cohesion tended to minimize their influence in public affairs. Insistence upon equality in worship was therefore reserved for Methodists and Presbyterians. The former, coming into Nova Scotia from the Mother Country, depended largely upon immigration. During the influx of the Pre-Confederation Period many settlers from England threw in their lot with the organization that had once represented the radical wing of the National Church; but in spite of its power it had none of the historic significance of Presbyterianism. As the hereditary faith of many notable settlements, it contributed materially to the strength of the liberal assault. Through its persistence the Church of England was driven from its temporal estate.

And from its educational entrenchments as well. When King's refused to admit matriculants who declined to sign the thirty-nine articles, it destroyed most of its usefulness. Through its refusal the Presbyterian Academy at Pictou

became the corner stone of Dalhousie. Through its refusal too one of its graduates laid the foundations of Acadia. To-day it is surpassed by both institutions in wealth, range, scholarship, and influence. And what happened in Nova Scotia happened in the other provinces. The colleges of the Church of England are everywhere inferior in intellectual force and attainment to those established by the other Protestant denominations. In the early days, however, it stood for the cultural ideals that survived the Revolution. The first literary clubs like the Windsor Reading Society, begun in 1792, were supported chiefly by its adherents. To them likewise the theatre looked for patronage. From 1773, when the first public plays were given at Halifax, they did much to encourage the drama. In oils and water colors they were also dabblers. Though the society of Halifax and Quebec, in 1815, according to contemporaneous accounts, was fully as refined as that of Boston and Philadelphia, there was no desire to extend its privileges to the lower classes. Latin odes, impromptu theatricals, sittings for portraits, and dinners at Government House were not for them. By 1867 nearly half the inhabitants of Nova Scotia over school age could not write their names, and nearly one-third could not read a line. In Upper Canada, where the educated groups were fewer, and where the villages had been burned and the countryside devastated, conditions were even worse. There, as elsewhere, the support of elementary schools, which were largely under the patronage of the Church of England, reverted to those opposed to its supremacy. The privilege of service was thus surrendered by the institution which had kept alive the tradition of scholarship in the dark hours of early settlement.

These three great movements directed towards equality in press, church, and school involved a demand for responsible government. In Upper Canada, where the liberal parties were weak and unorganized, no native leader of intellectual force arose to cheer them to victory. They had

to rely on Scotch radicals, whose efforts were often ill-advised and unsuccessful. From the vacillation and bloodshed which marked the rise of democracy in the West it is pleasant to turn to the clearness of vision and the singleness of purpose displayed by its chief in the Maritime Provinces. To Joseph Howe their people owe the institutions under which they live, and to him also they are indebted for many a fascinating record of the period from which they emerged.

CHAPTER V

JOSEPH HOWE AND THE "NOVA SCOTIAN"

THE close intellectual relationship between Massachusetts and Nova Scotia, and therefore between the United States and Canada, is nowhere more aptly illustrated than by the ancestry of Joseph Howe. When the first newspaper printed in New England was taken from the press by Chief Justice Sewell, in 1704, to show to the President of Harvard College, he little thought that the journal thus established would one day appear in the French province of Acadia. In course of time, however, it came into the hands of John Draper, who took into partnership with him a young Boston printer, John Howe. On the Evacuation Draper's widow and the junior partner packed up the press of the *News-Letter* and carried it off to Halifax, where the newspaper was amalgamated with the *Gazette*. In his new home the young New Englander became a man of some prominence — King's Printer and Postmaster-General of the Maritime Provinces. In spite of his uncompromising loyalty he retained all the independence of his race. As a member of the Sandemanians, who rejected every semblance of ecclesiastical authority, he continued the tradition of dissent begun by his ancestor, the Puritan divine of the Commonwealth whose name he bore. Since his family had settled in New England early in the seventeenth century, he was thoroughly American in thought and feeling; and to him his son Joseph (1804-73) owed his knowledge of colonial history and ideals. The leader of the liberal movement in Nova Scotia was thus stimulated by much that was admirable in the life and literature of Massachusetts.

Like many others who have risen to greatness, he enjoyed little formal education. After a few summers under Brom-

ley, one of the famous schoolmasters of Loyalist days, he was set to work on the *Gazette*, with which he served an apprenticeship extending over a decade. In the meantime he had acquired literary tastes and ambitions, and — thanks to the companionship of his father — a remarkable familiarity with Shakespeare and the Bible. Fugitive verses from his pen began to appear in the local papers. All of these experiments, of course, are immature and worthless, but one, "Melville Island," a narrative and descriptive poem in heroic couplets containing many lines reminiscent of Goldsmith, attracted immediate attention. Its success probably tempted the young poet to purchase the *Weekly Chronicle*, in 1827, in partnership with James Spike. During the following months, while it was being conducted as the *Acadian*, a non-political sheet devoted to news, poetry, and local sketches, Howe completed his training. Though his education had been entirely informal, he was now ready to begin the great task of his career.

This task was the conduct of the *Nova Scotian*, which he bought, in 1828, when he was only twenty-four. During the next seven years he labored incessantly to make it the leading newspaper of British North America. In this ambition he was eminently successful; in 1836 his profits were over £1500, considerably more than he had paid for the whole plant. And the circulation was by no means limited to Nova Scotia. Hundreds of copies went weekly to New Brunswick, to the Canadas, to the Northern States, and even to Great Britain. The audience touched by its editor has seldom been reached by another of his years.

Its political influence, with which I am not concerned, was fully equalled by its effect on literature. In the latter movement Howe was the leading spirit. His sketches set a new standard in Canadian prose. To acquaint himself with the needs of the province, and to extend the circulation of his paper, he was accustomed to make long excursions on foot and horseback through the surrounding districts. In 1828

these expeditions resulted in his *Western Rambles*, a series of essays written in an intimate, gossipy style, and filled with striking pictures and pungent observations. In them Windsor and the Cornwallis Valley of early days are reproduced for future generations. Two years later the circle of the province was completed by his *Eastern Rambles*. These were supplemented, in 1838, during Howe's absence in Europe with his friend Haliburton, by several papers entitled *The Nova Scotian Afloat*, and by several articles, *The Nova Scotian in England*, which were continued in 1839. Though more formal than the earlier sketches, and more suggestive of Irving, they are lightened by Howe's unflagging humor. The two groups, uneven as they are, mark a new epoch in Canadian prose.

In immediate results, however, they were surpassed by the famous papers of *The Club*, which began in 1828, and continued intermittently until 1832. Though these are framed on the model of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, their spirit is that of the personal and political satire carried into the Maritime Provinces at the close of the Revolution. The authors — Howe, Haliburton, Sir John Kincaid, and others whose names are less familiar — met regularly at Howe's home to plan their weekly assaults. Directed at first against the Compact, they were soon extended to literature and society. As a result *The Club* is an illuminating commentary on Pre-Confederation Nova Scotia. There one may find many a witty characterization of men and affairs, of "Joe Howe" and "Tom Haliburton," and of the questions they discussed over their wine and cigars. Beneath the disguises, which are easily penetrated, it is possible to see the very form and pressure of the time. Literary tendencies also become clear. *The Club*, with its Scotch twang, soon created a taste for informal sketches in dialect. Imitations of its weekly skits and such ventures as *Mrs. Ramsbottom in Halifax* (1832), a series of letters to John Bull, show how the wind was veering. So strong was its force that a couple of

years later it blew in the prince of peddlers, Sam Slick, the Yankee Clockmaker. *The Club*, therefore, is a significant manifestation of the temper of those who collaborated in its production. Its popularity, which was fully as great at the time of publication as that of its famous successor, may be gauged by Blackwood's suggestion that its members assume the task of editorship which Christopher North was about to surrender. This proposal alone is sufficient evidence of the contribution of *The Club* to the prose literature of British North America.

Its witticisms, however, were joint-stock affairs in which Howe was merely the leading figure. His personal fame as a journalist rests on his *Legislative Reviews*. In the beginning he had planned to conduct the *Nova Scotian* as a non-partisan newspaper, but force of circumstances soon drew him into the maelstrom of politics. In 1830 he began the brilliant discussions of public affairs in Nova Scotia and the other provinces which were to separate him from Haliburton and to disrupt *The Club*. With these essays the political literature of Canada begins.

Henceforth Howe devoted himself to the struggle for democracy. His attack on the Council of Twelve precipitated the question of journalistic freedom. In 1835 he published a letter signed "The People" accusing the magistrates of Halifax, who were appointed by the Governor, of misappropriating £30,000. When placed on trial for libel, he defended himself in a remarkable speech, largely improvised, which lasted for nearly six hours. Anyone who reads this, his first public address — made by a man barely out of his twenties — will sympathize with the Crown Prosecutor who complained pathetically that he insisted on investing the case with an unwarranted degree of importance.

"I entreat you," cried Howe as he stood before the jury,

I entreat you to believe that no ostentatious desire for display has induced me to undertake the labor and responsibility of this defence.

Unaccustomed as I am to the forms of courts and to the rules of law, I would gladly have availed myself of professional aid; but I have felt that this cause ought to turn on no mere technicality or nice doctrine of law but on those broad and simple principles of truth and justice to which an unpractised speaker may readily appeal, and which an impartial jury can as readily comprehend. I have felt besides that, if the press is to be subjected to a series of persecutions such as this, it is indispensable to the safety of those who conduct it that they should learn to defend themselves.

Pointing then to his accusers, he demanded in scorn:

Why have they not afforded the means indispensable to a calm and enlightened review of their public conduct?

Gentlemen, they dared not do it. Yes, my lords, I tell you in their presence, and in the presence of the community whose confidence they have abused, that they dared not do it. They knew that discretion was the better part of valor, and that it might be safer to attempt to punish me than to justify themselves. There is a certain part of a ship through which when a seaman crawls he subjects himself to the derision of the deck, because it is taken as an admission of cowardice and incompetence; and had not these jobbing justices crawled in here through the legal lubberhole of indictment, I would have sent them out of court in a worse condition than Falstaff's ragged regiment — they would not have dared to march, even through Coventry, in a body.

Anyone who follows this speech to its moving peroration will understand why, with the verdict of "Not guilty," journalism in British North America received its Magna Charta.

A few months later Howe began his political career as a member of the Assembly. His advocacy of liberalism in religious and educational affairs may be traced in his *Speeches and Public Letters*. Many of his measures he was able to effect. Many others such as the establishment of a central university he was unable to compass. Even today, after the lapse of nearly seventy-five years, the people of his native province scarcely realize the loss which they have incurred by attempting to maintain a number of poorly equipped

colleges separated by a wall of sectarian prejudice.¹ The story of his political adventures, culminating in his elevation to the lieutenant-governorship of Nova Scotia, lies, however, beyond the bounds of this chapter.

His speeches, on the other hand, cannot be overlooked. In intimacy and charm there had been nothing to compare with them. One has but to glance at the stately discourses of the Loyalists who formed the Compacts, or even the classical addresses of the New England orators, to realize the advent of a new ideal. The simple directness of Howe's manner points to the final authority of the common people. Aside from the inimitable style, flexible and luminous, which he had acquired by many a night's toil on the *Nova Scotian*, they are chiefly remarkable for their similitudes. From the treasury of literature, which he knew as no one else of his day, and from the resources of Nature, whose beauties he strove to reveal to his countrymen, Howe could draw at will the magic phrase to illuminate his thought. Even the trivial is raised to distinction.

An excellent example of his ability, through apt comparison, to invest a matter-of-fact subject with dignity is to be found in his celebrated address at the Reciprocity Convention in Detroit:

Sir, we are here to determine how best we can draw together in the bonds of peace, friendship, and commercial prosperity the three great branches of the British family. In the presence of this great theme all petty interests should stand rebuked. We are not dealing with the concerns of a city, a province, or a state, but with the future of our race in all time to come. Some reference has been made to elevators. . . . What we want is an elevator to lift our souls to the height of this great argument. Why should not these three great branches of the family flourish, under different systems of government, it may be, but forming one grand whole, proud of a common origin and of their advanced

¹ This characterization does not apply to all the colleges of Nova Scotia or the Maritime Provinces. Several are now capable of doing excellent work. Through its library Acadia has done much to encourage the study of Canadian history and literature.

civilization? . . . The clover lifts its trefoil leaves to the evening dew, yet they draw their nourishment from a single stem. Thus distinct but yet united let us flourish.

Alone among the men of his day Howe seems to have sensed the ultimate relationship of the English-speaking peoples. No one else at any rate foresaw with such acumen the direction of the forces working towards the independence and amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon commonwealths. So clear was his insight into the problems of equality and union that, even at a time when the conventional hatred of the United States had perverted the upper classes, he did not hesitate to challenge the aspersions against the Republic in which the Compacts traded. Among his noblest efforts is his impromptu reply to one of these attacks:

Sir, I trust that those who hear me will be disposed to ask themselves not what exists in England under circumstances very different from ours; not what exists in republican America, created out of a state of things which is not likely to be forced on us; but what is required by the Province of Nova Scotia under the circumstances in which we are placed. . . . But, Sir, when I hear it asserted that there is nothing practical in the institutions of our neighbors; that they are based on mere speculation; that beneath their shade neither life, liberty, nor property are secure, a sense of justice — of what is due to the absent — would compel me to say something even in an enemy's defence.

Nowhere does the chivalry of Howe's character appear to better advantage.

Like every trait it was part of the devotion to truth that he expressed so simply in his lecture on eloquence. Addressing the young men whom he loved to gather around him to instruct and inspire, he began with the following exhortation:

You will expect me to apply my rule to eloquence in its more extended sense, and I shall endeavor to do so by and by, although I must confess that I love to linger upon the less pretending, domestic, and, if you will, inferior departments of the art. Perhaps it may be that I feel my inability to cope with the critics by whom the highroad has

been beaten, and am more at my ease in the byways. It may be that I would rather have you all good men and true, able "to give a reason for the faith that is in you," and to speak a word in season without dissimulation and without fear than to have two or three of you distinguished rhetoricians able to maintain either side of any question and not much caring which side you take. It may be that I overvalue this essential element of sincerity; but I cannot bring myself to believe that there is any true eloquence without it.

That Howe is known as one of the first masters of the art — the only Canadian who can be compared with Burke — should not tempt one to forget his other contributions to the literature of the Dominion. In his later years he had hopes of devoting his leisure hours to the pursuits he had been forced to abandon in his youth. These hopes were never realized; but in spite of the pressure of public affairs he wrote two poems at least, "Our Fathers," and the memorial lines, "Hail to the day when the Britons came over," which have all the rush and swing of his own unshackled spirit. It was as a pamphleteer, however, that he won the admiration of Europe and America. When the British Government, sick at heart with the turmoil of colonial administration, proposed to abandon the Overseas Territories, Howe threw himself into the fight for imperial unity at the height of his powers. From the platforms of England he brought to its people new visions of usefulness. As a memorial of the crusade which won the acknowledgment of autonomy within the Britannic Alliance, his *Organization of the Empire*, a number of letters addressed to Lord John Russell, is a unique document. In dignity, fairness, and imaginative outlook it has seldom been surpassed. In illustration of its author's genius I cannot do better than quote the closing paragraphs:

If, my lord, in every one of the three great kingdoms from which the population of British America derive their origin the evils of which we complain were experienced and continued until the principles we claim as our birthright became firmly established, is it to be expected that we shall not endeavor to rid ourselves by respectful argument and remon-

strance of what cost you open and violent resistance to put down? Can an Englishman, an Irishman, or a Scotchman be made to believe by passing a month upon the sea that the most stirring periods of his history are but a cheat and a delusion; that the scenes which he has been accustomed to tread with deep emotion are but mementoes of the folly and not, as he once fondly believed, of the wisdom and courage of his ancestors; that the principles of civil liberty, which from childhood he has been taught to cherish and to protect by forms of stringent responsibility must, with the new light breaking in upon him on this side of the Atlantic, be cast aside as a useless encumbrance? No, my lord, it is madness to suppose that these men, so remarkable for carrying their national characteristics into every part of the world where they penetrate, shall lose the most honorable of them all merely by passing from one portion of the Empire to another. Nor is it to be supposed that Nova Scotians, New Brunswickers, and Canadians — a race sprung from the generous admixture of the blood of the three foremost nations of the world — proud of their parentage and not unworthy of it, to whom every stirring period of British and Irish history, every great principle which they teach, every phrase of freedom to be gleaned from them, are as familiar as household words, can be in haste to forget what they learnt upon their parents' knees, what those they loved and honored clung to with so much pride, and regarded as beyond all price. Those who expect them thus to belie their origin, or to disgrace it, may as soon hope to see the streams turn back upon their fountains.

My lord, my countrymen feel, as they have a right to feel, that the Atlantic, the great highway of communication with their brethren at home, should be no barrier to shut out the civil privileges and political rights, which, more than anything else, make them proud of the connection; and they feel also that there is nothing in their present position or past conduct to warrant such exclusion. Whatever impression may have been made by the wholesome satire wherewith one of my countrymen has endeavored to excite the others to still greater exertions, those who fancy that Nova Scotians are an inferior race to those who dwell upon the ancient homestead, or that they will be contented with a less degree of freedom, know little of them. A country that a century ago was but a wilderness, and is even now studded with towns and villages, and intersected with roads, even though more might have been done under a better system, affords some evidence of industry. Nova Scotia ships bearing the English flag into every quarter of the globe are some proofs of enterprise; and the success of the native author to whom I have alluded in the wide field of intellectual competition more than contradicts the humorous exaggeration by which,

while we are stimulated to higher efforts, others may be for a moment misled.

If, then, our right to inherit the Constitution be clear, if our capacity to maintain and enjoy it cannot be questioned, have we done anything to justify the alienation of our birthright? Many of the original settlers of this province emigrated from the Old Colonies when they were in a state of rebellion—not because they did not love freedom, but because they loved it under the old banner and the old forms—and many of their descendants have shed their blood on land and sea to defend the honor of the Crown and the integrity of the Empire. On some of the hardest fought fields of the Peninsula my countrymen died in the front rank with their faces to the foe. The proudest naval trophy of the last American War was brought by a Nova Scotian into the harbor of his native town; and the blood that flowed from Nelson's death wound in the cockpit of the *Victory* mingled with that of a Nova Scotia stripling beside him struck down in the same glorious fight.

Am I not justified, my lord, in claiming for my countrymen that Constitution which can be withheld from them by no plea but one unworthy of a British statesman—the tyrant's plea of power? I know that I am; and I feel also that this is not the race that can be hoodwinked with sophistry or made to submit to injustice without complaint. All suspicion of disloyalty we cast aside as the product of ignorance or cupidity; we seek for nothing more than British subjects are entitled to, but we will be contented with nothing less.

Though the spirit of Howe, the champion of democracy, is here supreme, no one who wishes to understand his hold on the hearts of men should fail to read the graceful little notes written from the home made for him by his wife, Susan Ann McNab, daughter of Captain John McNab of the Royal Nova Scotia Fencibles. There one finds the "Joe Howe" of the editor's chair and the country picnic—the irrepressible, good-humored, rather whimsical hero, a little too spectacular and a little too unstable for the humdrum routine of daily life, prodigal of his substance and his powers, and as ready to forgive an enemy as to meet him on the field of honor. This is the man of whom a poet-critic wrote:

Our fingers quiver as we write his name.

As journalist, essayist, statesman, orator, pamphleteer, and friend, he touched his native country at every angle. From his press also he issued every year some work of significance on its history or literature, and at the chief of these it is now necessary to glance.

CHAPTER VI

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON AND THE LOYALIST TRADITION IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN HUMOR

To turn the pages of *Etudes sur la Littérature et les Moeurs des Anglo-Américains au XIX^e Siècle* of Philarète Chasles, which is available in an English translation, startles a reader as the Yankee peddler startled the critic. His chapter on *Sam Slick*, which first appeared in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, the organ of the *intellectuals*, reflects the general impression that its appearance heralded a new force in literature.

Slick appeared as a challenge from the New World to the Old. To Chasles there is something mysterious about the strange little volume, with its grimaces, its exclamations, and its italics, that had dropped from nowhere into the salons of Paris as if to question all accepted canons. Its author is not, he writes in surprise, a lyric or an epic poet in whose verse are mirrored the beauty and grandeur of his native land. *The Clockmaker* is a type in itself. Until its advent, Americans had kept their eyes fixed on Europe, and their prose and verse at best had been feeble reflections of Old World splendor. *Slick*, interrupting the tradition of subservience, is the first sign of a new civilization.

Since the days of Scott, continues Chasles in his enthusiastic French way, there had been nothing better. Flashing from experience like a spark from a rock, Sam embodies all the qualities of the merchant, the diplomat, and the savage. Intellectually frank, he studies with fascinated eyes that clock with a thousand wheels — the human soul. Always he addresses himself to facts. Across his canvas flit twenty

personages — more vital than Cooper's — who are drawn not from the romantic life of wood and desert but from the dull routine of farm and city. Haliburton, insists Chasles, has penetrated the secrets of the New World, and has personified successfully the elements of American society. He is of the West, the first notable manifestation of its genius.

A decade later, when Haliburton's work was nearly finished, Emile Montégut, another of the group of critics associated with Taine and *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, who translated Shakespeare and Emerson, and whose knowledge of English and American literature was probably equal to that of his better known contemporary, analyzed his method. According to him, American authors like Irving and Cooper endeavor to follow the stream of Old World tradition. Haliburton, springing from the source itself, possesses the Anglo-Saxon characteristics of force, prolixity, and humor. Beyond Dickens and Thackeray he is essentially English.

Though both appreciations — one regarding him as peculiarly American, the other as peculiarly English — indicate the dangers of the socio-racial theory popularized by Taine, they are substantially true. Haliburton represents more accurately than any other Pre-Confederation writer the main tendencies of Canadian life and literature, tendencies inextricably connected with developments south of the Border, and therefore American even in the narrower sense of the word, yet as undoubtedly English as the people of this Continent were English in thought and speech after the Revolution. It is true that the inhabitants of the United States, influenced by European ideals, have diverged more widely from the New England norm than have their cousins in the Canadas; but the divergence is not so great as commonly supposed. A hundred and fifty years count for little in the life of kindred peoples. The work of Haliburton, therefore, is, in many respects, as much of the United States as of Canada, and as much of Great Britain as of either.

Nevertheless, it indicates in a peculiar way the attitude of the English-speaking people of British North America during the Pre-Confederation Period. It reflects the shrewd common sense of the first New England settlers; the culture, the superciliousness, and the petulance of the Loyalists; the warmth and sincerity of the Scotch immigrants.

The ancestry of the Nova Scotian humorist is especially interesting to those who would understand his temper. Like the greatest of Scotch novelists, he was descended from an old Border family, the Haliburtons of Mertoun and Newmains. According to family tradition, never fully substantiated, his great-great-grandfather, as was Sir Walter Scott's, was Thomas Haliburton of Newmains. The grandson of this Thomas, whose father had emigrated to New York, where he married an Otis, removed to Nova Scotia from Scituate, near Boston, when the Acadian lands were opened for settlement. At Douglas, on the headwaters of the St. Croix, his wife, also an Otis, gave birth to a son, William Hersey, who became Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. By his wife, daughter of one of Wolfe's officers who was killed at the storming of Fort Stanwix while in command of the New York Volunteers, the Chief Justice had one son, Thomas Chandler (1796-1865), the most distinguished of his name. By birth Haliburton was thus connected with the principal elements of Canadian society.

This connection was strengthened by his education and life in Windsor, where he attended the Grammar School and the University of King's College. The latter institution, where Lilly's *Grammar* was in use in 1845, preserved its mediaeval character long after its English prototypes had been modernized. Though narrow and unprogressive, it offered its students an excellent classical education. When Haliburton was graduated, it was therefore natural that he should take as the subject of his English Prize Essay, *The Advantages Derived from a Study of the Classics*. At King's,

the centre of Loyalist culture, he met many young Nova Scotians who were destined to become famous — Sir John Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, Sir William Fenwick Williams, the commandant of Kars, and Admiral Sir Prevo Wallis, who sailed the *Chesapeake* into the harbor of his native town after Captain Brooke had been wounded. Through his father's position, moreover, he had access to the aristocratic and exclusive society of Windsor. In 1800 its inhabitants consisted of Loyalist families, Church of England clergy, the professors at King's, the members of one of the colonies of French *émigrés* established in Canada, several provincial dignitaries who had their estates in the vicinity, and the officers and men of an infantry detachment. It is not difficult to trace the origin of the ideas which Haliburton maintained in the long series of books which bear his name. These volumes are the full outflowering of the Loyalist Tradition, the last and greatest monument of the Tory spirit. The mantle laid down by Jonathan Odell and his fellow satirists was thus taken up by Haliburton and his associates. It remained for the War of 1812 with its tale of success to accomplish what the Revolution with its story of defeat could not effect.

Under the stimulus of the war, Haliburton began to dream of public service. To a man with literary tastes and ambitions the natural career was in his father's profession. On being called to the Bar, he began practice at Annapolis Royal. So effective was his pleading that he was invited to represent the county in the Legislature. In the performance of his duties there he seems to have acted with an independence seldom found under such circumstances. On many occasions he courageously supported unpopular causes. He was, for instance, the first statesman in the British Empire to advocate successfully the removal of Catholic disabilities. The effect produced by his speech on this occasion does not seem to have been unwarranted. The reports in existence show that he approached his subject

with moderation, sincerity, and skill. Moreover, in direct opposition to the teaching of his party, he labored to extend the scope of popular education. His ridicule of the Council for its refusal of a grant to the common schools and the Presbyterian Academy at Pictou led to an open quarrel between the two houses. When the lower eventually yielded, he withdrew in disgust to accept a position rendered vacant by the death of his father — the chief-justiceship of the Court of Common Pleas. With chivalric ideals — in his younger days at least — it was impossible for him to enjoy the bitterness of legislative strife dominated, as he felt, by personal ends. To a man who thought in continents the parochial bickerings of his fellow members must have been peculiarly distasteful. Doubtless he was glad to close a phase of his career that once seemed full of promise. Though not noted for readiness in debate, he was a polished and effective speaker; on formal occasions his manner was usually earnest, dignified, and impressive. "Usually"; for it is said that Howe when reporting would often lay down his pen to listen when a flash of homely wit would lighten his argument. And indeed the contrast between his excessive hauteur and plebeian taste — one of his most striking traits — is often mentioned by contemporaries.

By them he is pictured as slender and graceful, but robust, in appearance. With large face tanned by exposure, with ruddy cheeks, keen blue eyes, and lips stained with tobacco juice, he is described by Thomas Trollope as an English squire — with a difference. In his portraits the smile lurking under the corners of the mouth conveys a suggestion of weakness and ineffectiveness in sharp contrast to the strength and tenacity indicated by the contour of the forehead. Though his intellectual life was rich and absorbing, he loved the things of the flesh; enjoyed to the full whatever comforts he could acquire; drank much; smoked more; and lacked altogether the fineness of feeling and the sternness of purpose essential to greatness. "He was an

Epicurean philosopher modified a little for the better by Christianity and for the worse by practical politics."

As I have indicated, he was glad to leave the chicaneries of the Legislature for the quiet of the Bench. For thirty years after his elevation he lived at Windsor pleasantly and uneventfully, but with small heed to the more generous impulses of his youth. In 1816, after a romantic courtship, he married Louisa, daughter of Captain Lawrence Neville of the Nineteenth Dragoons. By her he had seven children, one of whom, Arthur Lawrence, Under Secretary of State for War, was created Lord Haliburton in 1898. At Clifton, a picturesque estate of forty acres not far from his *alma mater*, he lived and wrote, stimulated by his family, by an intimate group of the *noblesse*, and by the members of *The Club*. Of the weekly meetings of this organization Howe has left a lasting memorial in his "Toast to Tom Haliburton," written after the latter had removed to England:

Here's a health to thee, Tom! May the mists of this earth
Never shadow the light of that soul
Which so often has lent the mild flashes of mirth
To illumine the depths of the bowl.

These rollicking, good-natured verses portray the humorist in one of his characteristic moods; but in spite of his convivialities he continued to entrench himself in his profession. In 1841, when the Court of Common Pleas was abolished, he was transferred to the Supreme Court, where he sat until 1856. Here, twenty-five years after he had advocated the removal of Catholic disabilities, he was called upon to rule that laymen, as British subjects, cannot be restricted by ecclesiastical authority. It is a curious commentary on his dual nature that a man who thus rendered a decision of prime importance is also remembered by one of the most atrocious puns ever made in a British court. When a juror begged to be excused because he had the itch, Haliburton, turning towards the clerk, remarked in legal parlance, "Scratch that man." At any moment his pro-

fessional decorum was likely to be usurped by the buffoonery of a schoolboy:

His twinkling eyes so exquisitely droll
Beamed in their sockets like a burning coal
So that the Court would for an instant pause,
And join the audience in their loud guffaws.

Gradually, however, his exuberance subsided. Time had separated him from the little band of companions to whom he owed so much. His wife was dead; his children were grown up and settled elsewhere; and he was left alone at Crofton. As King's was no longer the educational centre of the province, no one appeared to take the place of those who had gone. Happily for him, he was induced to remove to England, where the change from the solitude of Windsor to the bustle of London seemed to restore his waning energy. Before long he gravitated towards one of the literary coteries of the metropolis. Of those who formed this group Barham and Theodore Hooke, a free lance with whom Haliburton had much in common, were the most congenial. When Bentley published *Sam Slick*, which had been taken to England by General Fox, he presented his creator with a salver bearing an inscription by the author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. This presentation eventually led to friendship between the two writers. With Hooke they dined regularly at the Athenaeum; and amid its pleasant surroundings Haliburton established a reputation as one of the leading conversationalists of the day.

More important than these literary alliances was his friendship with the Duke of Northumberland, through whose influence he was returned to Parliament from Launceston. Though he regarded himself as member-at-large for the Transatlantic Territories, his advocacy of imperialism was out of tune. Gladstone, as premier, was bitterly opposed to any kind of legislative union. Indeed, the leaders of both parties were unanimous in their feeling that the Mother Country received no adequate return for the expense and

danger of colonial administration. The masses alone favored the retention of the Colonies. Some observers have argued that their attitude may be traced to Haliburton's influence, but it is dangerous to theorize over the results of his popularity. In Parliament at any rate it did not count for much. His career was a failure. Since he was peculiarly dependent on external stimulus, the hostility of the House rendered his speeches cold and lifeless. Success, moreover, had made him self-complacent. He was evidently unaware of the effort required to achieve distinction in a body which has always been chary of praise. The habits of mind inculcated by the *Slick* series were largely desultory and inconsequential and therefore adverse to the acquisition of an effective argumentative style. Self-indulgence besides had undermined his vitality and sapped much of the power and grace which had made him preëminent in the Legislature of Nova Scotia. It is not surprising, then, that this part of his career is remembered chiefly by Bernal Osborne's suggestion that he undertake another edition of the *Rambler*.

Owing to increasing weakness he did not offer himself for reëlection in 1865. Nevertheless, his last years were far from unhappy. In 1856 he had married Harriet, widow of Edward Hosier Williams, a cultivated woman who gave him the love and companionship he craved. Gordon House on the Thames, where they lived, became the centre of a little society not unlike that of his earlier years. Nor was other recognition of his genius lacking. In 1856 Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L.; the Cabinet offered him a governorship. But his public life was over, and his last years were spent in quiet retirement and philanthropic endeavor among the villagers of Ipswich. His body lies on the banks of the Thames not far from the grave of Captain Vancouver.

His work, completed sometime before his death, falls into four divisions: historical and political treatises which place

him among the pamphleteers; the *Slick* series, in which the satiric tendency of the Loyalist tradition finds supreme expression; miscellaneous fiction, in which the *Slick* methods are further developed; and, finally, compilations to meet the demand for Yankee stories.

In 1829 he began his literary career with the publication, in two volumes, of *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*. Printed at Halifax by his friend Howe, it has the distinction of being one of the first Canadian books of importance to run through several editions in Canada and Great Britain. Though the narrative, which is carried down to 1763, was reviewed favorably in England and the United States, it follows closely the sources indicated by the writer. With usual complacency Haliburton, who did not discover the papers relating to the Expulsion of the Acadians, remarks "that the particulars of this affair seem to have been carefully concealed." From a few hints he therefore constructs an idyllic description of the Acadians, whose banishment reminds him of the Mantuan shepherd driven from his patrimony by the soldiers of Augustus; but in spite of this sympathetic picture he defends those responsible for the operation, and thus reveals the bias which renders his historical monographs so inconclusive. Regarding the value of the *Account* scholars in Canada are now agreed. Though it represents much conscientious labor, Haliburton was handicapped by his inability to consult the necessary documents. No longer authoritative, it may still be read with profit. Its lucidity shows that the author had acquired a clear, attractive style, and that he was capable of continuous narrative. It shows also that he was impelled by the national curiosity which was manifesting itself in many directions; but it shows little else. Though there is evidence of reading and literary taste, there is nothing to justify the praise which the book has received. Haliburton himself, who was no mean critic, was under no delusion as to its merit. In *The Clockmaker* he refers to it as "Haliburton's

History of Nova Scotia, which, next to Mr. Josiah Slick's *History of Cattyhunk* in five volumes, is the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen."

Much less readable are his contributions to the political literature arising from the enunciation of various theories regarding the future of British North America. The first of these controversial pamphlets — for they are such in spirit, if not in bulk — is *The Bubbles of Canada* (1839), a series of letters on colonial relations. Though purporting to be by Sam Slick, who had already made his *début*, it has none of his peculiarities of diction. Nevertheless, it ran through two English editions and later appeared in Philadelphia and Paris. As a reply to the Earl of Durham's *Report*, it attracted wide attention. In it Haliburton maintains, with some show of reason, that the people of the Maritime Provinces, who were happy and contented, should not have their happiness and contentment jeopardized by union with the disaffected French-Canadians; and, with less reason, that the latter had no grievances which were not due to political incapacity. To establish these points he summarizes the acts affecting Lower Canada. Though illuminating, the summary degenerates into mere compilation where it is difficult to find the Swift-like humor and biting sarcasm apparent to Tory critics. Even the clear, slashing, trenchant style praised by his opponents cannot counterbalance his offensive partisanship. Those reviewers who accused the author of trading on his reputation were not entirely unjustified.

Closely connected with *The Bubbles* is *A Reply to the Report of the Earl of Durham* (1839), seven letters by "a colonist," which appeared in the *Times* before publication in Montreal and London. As the *Gazette* of the former city referred to the writer as a man of "sound principles in church and state," the nature of the *Reply* needs no consideration.

Rule and Misrule of the English in America (1851), the last of Haliburton's treatises, cannot be dismissed so cav-

alierly. In spite of the fact that only one edition was issued on each side of the Atlantic, it has acquired a reputation which commands respect. Like *The Bubbles* it is really an argument to prove that responsible government would fail if introduced into Canada. Because a republican system has succeeded in the United States, it does not follow, argues Haliburton, that it will succeed elsewhere. According to him, a republic *de facto* was founded at Boston in 1620. The independent communities so formed developed the democratic ideas, and established the democratic institutions, that were finally adopted by Congress; and these ideas and institutions, but slightly modified, are still maintained by the United States. The Revolution resulted, therefore, from an attempt to enforce a sovereignty that never existed. In Canada, on the contrary, there had been no such legislative evolution. Responsible government, where attempted, had proved a failure. It was unsuited to the ignorance, poverty, and sloth of the *habitants*, and was contrary to the predilections of the English immigrants. Though the outline of colonial history leading to these conclusions is a careful synopsis of the rise of British power in America, the application of the principles involved is of dubious value. By periodicals like the *Naval and Military Gazette* and the extreme Tory reviews Haliburton's thesis was received with enthusiasm. It probably did something to explain the "origin, formation, and progress" of the United States; but it is doubtful if those who read it on the advice of the *Quarterly Review* had any clearer understanding of "the elements of American society." Nevertheless, its reception has given rise to a school of criticism which professes to find it a "profoundly philosophic and prophetic work." Such an estimate appears to be due to misinformation. No one, it is true, will question Haliburton's theory of political development or his belief that representative systems cannot be acquired and maintained by revolution. Still, the ideas, which were neither new nor

profound, can be traced to Burke and other eighteenth century writers with whom he was familiar. To say that he foretold the collapse of the French Republic and the rise of Communism means little more than that he was influenced by conservative opinion. His "thoughtfully reasoned theories of colonial government" fail to account for the growth of liberal institutions in his native land, and recent investigations have shown the fallacies in his view of the Revolution. Those who would have him accepted as a political philosopher tend to obscure his real merits and to detract from his well-deserved fame.

Although the extent of his historical work has given it an exaggerated importance, it is valuable chiefly as an index of the culture to be found in Canada at the beginning of the Victoria Era and as a residuum of the party opinion which Haliburton represented. His *Address on the Present Condition, Resources, and Prospects of British North America*, published at Montreal and London in 1857, and his speech in the House of Commons in 1860, *The Repeal of the Differential Duties on Foreign and Colonial Wood*, add nothing to the theories that he had previously advocated. The *fin-de-siècle* reaction against democracy and the recent pessimism in Europe and America regarding the success of popular government have influenced Canadians in their estimation of Haliburton's propaganda. No student of affairs can ignore its effect. Yet, though an historian cannot avoid reference to Haliburton's treatises, he is bound to show that they spring from a limited range of ideas; that they are polemical in tone; that they lack sympathy and moderation; that they are wanting in the facts of history; that their imaginative power is not sufficient to give them rank as literature; and, finally, that they are of interest because they reflect the spirit of a substantial part of the Canadian people at the period when they were written, and because they indicate the temper which made possible the *Slick* series, on which Haliburton's reputation must eventually rest.

In 1835, after *The Club* had been disbanded, he began publication in the *Nova Scotian* of a number of anonymous sketches designed to preserve anecdotes and incidents which he considered worthy of record. Their immediate popularity and their general reproduction in the newspapers of the United States led to an elaboration of the original scheme, and, in 1836, the first series of *The Clockmaker; or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville* appeared at Halifax. In this volume,

Where every page with jibes, and jeers, and jokes
To peals of laughter purposely provokes,

which was largely due to Howe's encouragement, the *Nova Scotian* sketches constitute the first twenty-one chapters. This fact is sufficient to indicate the desultory character of the composition, which deals with the adventures of a Yankee peddler and his friend the Squire. *The Clockmaker* was republished by Richard Bentley without Haliburton's name or consent, and, until his avowal of the authorship while on a visit to England, was attributed to an American resident in London. The success of this venture led to a second series in 1838. Two years later four chapters, "The Duke of Kent's Lodge," "Behind the Scenes," "Too Knowing by Half," and "Facing a Woman," which had appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*, were augmented and issued as the third series (1840).

The popularity of the three volumes, which were combined for circulation, has been continuous. Since the two issues at Halifax, nearly fifty editions, with many reprints, have appeared in the United States, in England, and on the Continent: nineteen in the United States; twenty-four in Great Britain; four in France, and one in Germany. In addition to the miscellaneous selections in these countries anthologies have been compiled in Switzerland and Scandinavia. Even more significant is the fact that for over fifty years the passage on buying a horse was read in the French

schools as an English classic. The most remarkable feature of *The Clockmaker* is the universal appeal it made to the people of its time. In America it was found in the drawing-rooms of Philadelphia and the cabins of the Mississippi. In England it was read by huckster and critic. Even in France and Germany it attracted notice. Among the treasures of Bismarck's library none was more cherished than a copy of Sam's adventures.

Emboldened by this success, Haliburton continued the *Slick* vein in the two volumes of *The Attaché; or Sam Slick in England* (1843), in which Sam is represented as an *attaché* of the American Legation in London. Intended as a good-humored retaliation against Dickens' *American Notes*, which appeared in the previous year, it reflects Haliburton's loyalty to American institutions. So clever is the hoax that it mystified several reviewers who thought that the author was actually a member of the Legation. With ponderous seriousness they discussed the likelihood of anyone with Sam's vulgarity obtaining *entrée* to the society he describes. Their mistake, it is worthy of note, has led to the incorporation of several misstatements in biographies of the author. Two editions have appeared in London and two in the United States.

The partial failure of *The Attaché* was counterbalanced by the triumphant progress of *Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances; or What he Said, Did, or Invented*, printed in two volumes in 1853. Four editions followed in England and as many in America. Wisely Haliburton here returns to his special *milieu*. Sam is commissioned by the President of the United States to visit the coast of Nova Scotia and report on its fisheries and the feasibility of participating in their advantages. With Timothy Cutler as master and Eldad Nickerson as pilot he sets out in the *Black Hawk*. The success of the book, which is an account of the voyage, was due to Haliburton's familiarity with his material.

Though equally popular in England, *Nature and Human Nature* (1855), which carries on the *Wise Saws*, was less so in the United States. It closes the *Slick* series, and the career of one of the most remarkable personages created by an American author.

Though Haliburton told Lord Abinger that Sam was an accident; that he had slipped into print unawares; and that he had never intended to describe a Yankee clockmaker, it is difficult to feel that he was not influenced by a case on which he was called to pass judgment. Ninety years ago the New England hawker was a familiar figure in the Canadian Provinces. One of these itinerant dealers, Seth by name, had sold a large number of clocks warranted for a year, accepting in payment promissory notes, which he deposited for collection. Since the clocks refused to go, the signers refused to pay. On suit being instituted, the case was carried before the Chief Justice. A Yankee peddler, moreover, had become a stock figure on the English stage. Haliburton had at hand, therefore, not only the main outline of his character but also a precedent for his appearance in literature. Tradition, further, credits many of the anecdotes to his coachman, Lennie Geldert, who accompanied him on circuit, and to his friend, Judge Pelig Wiswall, son of John Wiswall, a distinguished Loyalist. Sam was not a phenomenon.

The form too was already taking shape. In 1830 Seba Smith (1792-1868) published in the Portland *Daily Courier* a series of *Letters from Major Jack Downing of Downingville*. These sketches in a "Down East" dialect continued until 1833. Though unknown outside America, they obtained no little vogue in the United States. A comparison between the Major's *Letters* and *The Clockmaker* reveals many points of similarity. And though parallelisms are never conclusive, and may merely point to contemporaneous but independent development, there can be little doubt of Haliburton's indebtedness to the Maine journalist, with whose work he was

unquestionably familiar. Several of the latter's sketches are included in the *Traits of American Humor*. Smith's style was imitated by Charles Augustus Davis (1795-1867) in his *Letters of J. Downing, Major, Downingville Militia, Second Brigade*, which appeared in the *New York Daily Advertiser* in 1834. They employ the conversational method by which Sam usually develops his narrative, and probably represent the second source to which Haliburton was indebted for hints of form.

The mood of the *Slick* series also was general among the people of Acadia. As I have indicated, the literature of the Loyalists during the Revolution was mainly satirical in tone. The Tories, representing the wealthiest and most aristocratic families of the Thirteen Colonies, looked with scorn on the plebeian instigators of rebellion. Political satire was thus based on class distinctions. Hatred of gentlemen like Washington who associated themselves with the radical movement was more intense because their championship implied a kind of disloyalty to their caste. This feeling dominated the thirty thousand Loyalists who made their homes in the Maritime Provinces, and colored their literature for the next eight decades. Indeed, the old supercilious attitude towards the people of the United States has only now disappeared. In high places it was correct before the War to make light of their breeding. The Loyalist Tradition has long kept the upper classes from appreciating a noble experiment in civilization. At the beginning of the nineteenth century anti-republican sentiment was rampant at King's, where Haliburton was educated. It is even possible that in his boyhood he may have heard his father and Odell, whose fame survived his verse, rail at the pretensions of their neighbors. After a hundred years it is difficult to understand the bitterness of the exiles whose estates had been confiscated in spite of the promises of Congress. Though their resentment was obliterated by the lapse of time, it was followed, in many cases, by a conventional distaste of liberal

ideas. To this distaste Haliburton was legitimate heir. Although his sketches differ little in aim from the tirades of the party journals, his sense of humor gives them a human quality hitherto lacking in Loyalist prose.

Since the cardinal principle of the Loyalist Tradition was, and is, the maintenance of British connection, the value of its continuance became Haliburton's principal thesis. By reference to the government of the United States he attempts to prove the superiority of English institutions and to induce the colonists to form a just estimate of their own. In every respect his work is typical of his party and of his time: of his party in his scorn of the masses, who reciprocated his detestation; of his time in his endeavor to make known the resources of his native land. Though Haliburton had all the narrowness and complacency which he satirized in his countrymen, he was observant enough to recognize the commercial stagnation due to their insularity and their dependence on the government. Against their lack of initiative he waged unrelenting warfare. Like Howe he never ceased to proclaim the advantages of Nova Scotia. To arouse his countrymen to an appreciation of its possibilities he introduces the Yankee peddler, the despised of despised, to comment on their foibles and to gull them with his wares. The acuteness of his observations shows how much New England has contributed to the Nova Scotian temperament. That *The Clockmaker* has been able to overcome the immediate anger aroused by Sam's animadversions is a sure index of the author's genius. Though they may not have yielded the results to which he laid claim, he would be rejoiced, if he could return to the flesh, to witness the vitality of the imperialistic feeling which he did much to strengthen.

In its advocacy he did not confine himself to the *Slick* series as he had promised in *The Attaché*. The first of his miscellaneous works of fiction appeared in 1840. *The Letter Bag of the Great Western; or Life in a Steamer*, a series of twenty-eight letters by passengers from Bristol to New

York on the ship which gives its name to the title, is well adapted to Haliburton's manner. One of the cleverest skits is the "Journal of an Actress," which is written with the gaiety and vivaciousness of a Becky Sharp, and, like *Vanity Fair*, hovers on the border of the mysterious world of diamonds and after-theatre suppers so alluring to the heart of the uninitiated. Equally delightful is Rebecca Fox in her self-revelation entitled "From One of the Society of Friends to her Kinswoman." Her little vanities are all dramatically effective; but even they are marred by the typification which renders most of the personages mediocre. This is especially true when the conversation turns on any of Haliburton's pet theories. The constant interjection of his own opinions detracts from the merit of a book which was published in Canada, and has gone through two editions in France, four in the United States, and ten in Great Britain.

It was followed in 1849 by *The Old Judge; or Life in a Colony*, which was printed in France and Germany, and has been issued in four editions in both New York and London. Some of the sketches which had appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1846 and 1847 were revised and transposed to blend with others. The scheme is not original. An English traveller is introduced to Mr. Justice Sanford, a retired judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature; is shown around Halifax, and, with his host, is storm bound at Mount Hope, where they meet Stephen Richardson, whose stories help to pass the time. The tales, which are valuable for their illuminating glimpses of colonial life, abound in brilliant descriptive passages; but the value of Haliburton's material throws into relief his lack of constructive skill and overemphasis of detail. It is unfortunate that a work of merit in its portrayal of early Canadian scenes and customs should suffer from these disadvantages.

The Season Ticket, Haliburton's last venture, which appeared anonymously in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and was published in 1860 without the author's name, con-

sists of the observations of a season ticket holder on an English railway. In method it is similar to the other volumes of the miscellaneous group. The anonymity, however, enables Haliburton to allow his fellow passengers to talk with unparalleled frankness. In spite of their freedom, four editions have been absorbed in Great Britain.

It is now necessary to speak of Haliburton's editorial labors. Rightly or wrongly, he considered himself the apostle of American humor. In 1852 he issued his *Traits of American Humor. By Native Authors*, a collection of sketches culled from the work of a dozen writers, chief of whom is James Russell Lowell. The compilation is valuable because it reveals the compiler as a student of American literature. His analysis of the differences among the people of the various sections — differences due to climate and occupation — shows no little acumen. The *Traits* was followed in 1854 by a companion volume, *The Americans at Home; or Byways, Backwoods, and Prairies*. Like its predecessor it was published in the United States, but secured its greatest vogue across the Atlantic. Though its reception does not lie within the scope of this study, it is interesting to note that the reviews of both anthologies recognize Haliburton as the chief agent in the rapprochement between England and the United States. The dominant note is the fact of kinship. In the Yankee stories reviewers professed to find a reflection of Anglo-Saxon characteristics, customs, and modes of thought. In the lingo of the Atlantic seaboard they traced the ancient forms of the common tongue.

Some understanding of contemporaneous and later criticism is essential for an appreciation of Haliburton's place in literature. As early opinion was influenced by political considerations, the momentum thus acquired has never entirely ceased. In spite of this handicap there is much of value. Friendly periodicals like the *Athenaeum* found *The Letter Bag* "a microcosm or epitome of the great globe," a significant picture of the hopes and fears of humanity.

Others, while admitting many satirical hits, charged the author with a vast amount of gibberish. Others, again, while crediting the letters with suitability of framework, pointed out that the ideas introduced cannot be considered the result of profound meditation, and that jingling phrases can never take the place of well-chosen materials. The *Spectator*, moreover, accused the author of unwarranted interjection of his own prejudices — an accusation which most readers will second — and, therefore, with inability to enter into the spirit of his characters.

Though all his books created similar discussion, the great body of criticism touches the *Slick* series, with which this study is necessarily concerned. In Great Britain the plan of *The Clockmaker* was recognized on publication as simple and sufficient. Its humor, which has been characterized in a score of ways, met with universal approbation. Some critics, unaware of Haliburton's antecedents, suggested that it reflects the hearty mellowness of the English spirit and the shrewd, caustic qualities of the Scotch. Of its cleverness, its freshness, and its pith there was no question. All were agreed as to its sharp, piquant, but kindly satire, and the hard, pungent, even worldly common sense on which it is based. Nor did Haliburton's ability to essay more serious topics pass unnoticed. Everywhere he was recognized as a man of keen, disciplined mind; widely read, with intimate knowledge of men and affairs, and with extraordinary insight into individual and national idiosyncrasies. His portraiture was regarded as vigorous and lifelike: *Slick* appeared individualized and consistent; the other personages clearly, if somewhat coarsely, delineated. With its aphorisms, which some found worthy of Bacon, and its apt, striking illustrations, the style evoked general delight. Scott was dead, and the historical romance in the hands of feeble successors. *The Clockmaker*, asserted some, came at a fortunate moment. In time it would be regarded as one of the principal documents in the rising tide of realism. The

first great expression of American genius, it was held to be superior to anything that Dickens had then accomplished.

While admitting its universal appeal, more cautious reviewers insisted that allowance should be made for novelty of subjects, persons, and dialects. A few even suggested that Haliburton was guilty of repetition and tediousness, and that Sam's Yankee vulgarity was better fitted for the inferior colonial mind than for the polite circles of Westminster. There was, further, a feeling that the second and third series — partly because of the difficulty of fulfilling expectations, and partly because of the exhaustion of the proper theme — were not so effective as the first. Apart from these reservations approval was absolute. The early contempt towards the book as a colonial product disappeared. "*The Clockmaker*," said an early doubter, "has come to stay."

The Attaché met with no such praise. English opinion regarding it was sharply divided. Some reviewers insisted that Sam was as great as ever; that he was even more observant and more acute than on previous occasions. Others, while admitting the clearness of style, asserted that it had degenerated into mannerism inferior to the boldness of *The Clockmaker*, and that the views expressed — often superficial rather than profound — were due to the inadequate impression formed by a visitor who had few opportunities to study the conditions he attempted to portray. In the United States criticism was intensely hostile. Most periodicals, hesitating to attack a writer who had won the plaudits of Europe, were content with the reproduction of English comments. The general acquiescence may account for the bitterness of the recalcitrants under their leader, President Felton of Harvard University. His assault in the *North American Review* is an unhappy instance of the pettiness engendered by national sensibilities. Felton's charge that "Sam Slick is an awkward and highly infelicitous attempt to make a character by heaping together without discrimina-

tion, selection, arrangement or taste every vulgarity that a vulgar imagination can conceive and every knavery that a man blinded by national and political prejudice can charge upon neighbors whom he dislikes " is not without point; but its force is invalidated by the tone of the attack. Its truth, however, is practically acknowledged by the anonymous poet-critic whom I have already quoted:

If ere a live kaleidoscope could be
In human figure, then Sam Slick was he.

The unlikelihood of his appointment to London and the contrast between his qualifications and the dignity of his office point to the satiric tendency of Haliburton's genius. With overemphasis it is inevitable that the humor should lead to caricature and burlesque, and that it should become hard and forbidding. If this was Haliburton's aim, he must be judged by his own standards. They are not high; but they are by no means so low as President Felton would have his readers believe.

It is true that he has a right to question the dialect. No one will agree with the French critics who found its geminations and ellipses worthy of philological research. Their comparison of Burns and Haliburton obscures the issue; the former uses a medium sanctioned by linguistic development; the latter, one without established form. Though never morphologically consistent, it is probably as rational as circumstances permit. English readers at any rate were unanimous in their judgment that Haliburton had created a patois in which the units are as inseparable as the links of a chain. And the constant quotation from the *Slick* series to illustrate colloquialisms seems to support their contention.

Haliburton's position, temporarily affected by the reception of *The Attaché*, was, as I have noted, retrieved by the *Wise Saws*, in which he was credited with Shakespearean truth and originality. Its drollness, its quaint common sense, and its felicity of illustration met with general ap-

plause. Ranked with *Don Quixote*, it was held to embody "the cynicism of Rochefoucauld, the acuteness of Pascal, and the experience of Theophrastus." *Nature and Human Nature*, though occasionally credited with levity and irreverence, received a similar welcome.

Altogether criticism in England was remarkably favorable. The *History* was well received. Later historical productions — in essence, political theses — met with divided favor: with contempt or exaggerated and unwarranted encomium. The tendency to belittle *The Clockmaker* as the work of a colonist disappeared with the growing popularity of the series. Those who refused at first to regard its vogue as evidence of its worth finally accepted the estimate of the majority. In his own manner Haliburton was considered supreme. Sam was acclaimed as a kind of Tristram Shandy. The information, the sagacity, and the force of his creator passed unquestioned. When Christopher North, whom Galt had introduced to *The Club*, pronounced *The Clockmaker* the first original work of America, other periodicals took up the refrain. In time Haliburton came to be regarded as the father of all who have since written in dialect anywhere on this Continent. His method, according to this theory, has become naturalized in the United States, of which his work — part of the realistic revolt against the domination of the historical romance — is an accurate picture. These judgments have been little modified by the lapse of time. *The Clockmaker* today is considered Haliburton's masterpiece. Sam — one of the few American characters that have become universal — is ranked with the immortals.

Because it coincides with the development of nationality, criticism in Canada is especially significant. By most contemporaries Haliburton's works, which were reviewed by leading periodicals like the *Nova Scotian* as admirably as anywhere in the United States, were treated as political documents. Consequently provincial feeling often over-

shadowed literary appreciation. When the smoke of battle rolled away with the Confederation, the influence of English ideas became apparent. Nearly all dicta can be traced to English reviews. In recent years, however, the rise of national feeling and the imperialistic reaction, which has accompanied it, have led to independent interest in Haliburton's work. Though much produced by this stimulus is thin and fragmentary, there is much that is excellent. With lack of perspective is general realization of the force that could stamp a personage like Sam upon the imagination of the English people, many of whom have been slow to accept any other type of New Englander than the slangy, half-educated peddler. One critic, however, has not hesitated to insist that Haliburton erred in employing Sam as an index to the United States; and, certainly, if his success is to be judged by the situations in which the Clockmaker appears, the attempt is a failure. It was as impossible then as it is now to paint any adequate picture of the conflicting elements in the Republic. To hail the *Slick* series as a great American novel is to relegate it to the pile of forgotten best-sellers. To take it at its face value is to give it high rank indeed. And this in spite of the style. It is everywhere recognized that Haliburton lacks the polish of a master, and that, though sometimes clear and forcible, he is often verbose and ponderous. His power, it is agreed, lies in his quick perception of the ludicrous, his quaint phraseology, and his original conceits. His place as the father of American humor is secure.

Very different in tone is the criticism of the United States. At first there were few distinctive utterances. Most periodicals were content with the refraction of Old World ideas. Those who dissented reflect the sensitiveness of youth. The people of the United States, who had just been admitted to the company of nations, were not altogether certain of their behavior. To have their weaknesses heralded by a distant and rather disreputable relative was far from pleasant.

This feeling accounts in part for the unappreciative attitude south of the Border. It is further accounted for by the fact that until Ypres and Vimy Ridge the people of the United States never accepted the idea of Canadian nationality within an imperial federation, and so failed to realize the emergence of a new power in the North. As a result, Haliburton's work has been belittled fully as much as it has been overrated in his native land. With increased sympathy and understanding, however, has come a popular and academic readjustment, and Haliburton today is recognized as the creator of the American type in literature.

With the opinions of the three chief English-speaking communities in mind it is possible to examine Haliburton's claims to remembrance. Most of his books may be discarded; the political treatises disappear, the miscellaneous fiction is too uneven to be of permanent value. *Slick*, however, remains. The illustrations by Hervieu and Leech helped to establish Uncle Sam in Great Britain. To Canadians the shifty peddler, as the popular etymology of the word *Yankee* indicates, has become the typical New Englander. To thousands who have never read the book he is a creature of flesh and blood. Indeed, his sharpness at driving bargains has had much to do with the latent distrust of the United States. Moreover, the minor characters are occasionally well drawn; the incidents, though monotonous, are full of life. The humor, however, is often due to temporal causes, and is, therefore, transitory in appeal. Nothing changes so rapidly as a nation's idea of what constitutes fun. *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* no longer tickle the schoolboy. The *Innocents* is being rapidly forgotten. Haliburton likewise is suffering from the sentence of time. Of the *Slick* series *The Clockmaker* alone has sustained its early reputation. And there is reason. Its pictures of manners and customs and its glimpses of road and forest will always arouse the curious. Some of these miniatures — scenes of the Canadian countryside — have never

been excelled. Equally attractive are the essay-like paragraphs in which the author turns aside to chat of himself. He knows what he wants to do. He risks the dangers — the hackneyed subjects and the repetitions. "The only attraction they are susceptible of is the novelty of a new dress." If his readers like prolixity, they may have it: artistic damnation is a small price to pay for moral salvation. Yet the lessons, which are trite enough, are gladly forgotten in a day when few people read for edification. Didacticism even in humor is doomed. *The Clockmaker*, by a common trick of fate, is remembered by everything except by that for which it was written. That it has been read for almost a century proves that its virtue is not single.

When a man's work has appeared among the people of seven nations in one hundred and twenty editions with constant reprints, it is bound to have some influence. Haliburton's attitude towards the people of Canada, of the United States, and of Great Britain at once becomes a question of importance. Anyone who is unfamiliar with Pre-Confederation politics will find it difficult to understand his ideas. Like all writers in his age of curiosity he continually investigated, and sought to make known, the advantages of Nova Scotia. He did not content himself with mere observation — with descriptions of pastimes, of industries, of naval and military life, of Englishmen who wished to be Canadian squires, and of Canadian squires who wished to be Englishmen. He told his countrymen frankly that they needed less pride and more perseverance. Only a brave man or a misanthrope would dare to accuse his fellow citizens of being "idle, conceited, and ignorant." Yet it was undoubtedly his conservatism rather than any particular weakness of Nova Scotians which led him to oppose responsible government and universal suffrage. Certainly he looked forward as confidently as Howe to the future of British North America. "Vancouver," he says in prophecy, "will be the centre where the products of both hemispheres will be

exchanged." His early opposition to the Confederation was due not to any doubt of the greatness before the united provinces but to his strong attachment to Great Britain. Union — in his opinion the first step towards independence — should not be undertaken until all attempts at closer relationship with the Mother Country proved abortive. Birth and education both made it natural for him to turn to England. Though satirizing the stupidity of the Colonial Office, he still felt that she had been a kindly nurse. "I loved her law," he says, "her church, her constitution, her people." It was through no pettiness that he opposed annexation during the years that it simmered in the minds of a few Canadians who lacked the courage of those who formed the Confederation. His pages are filled with kindly appreciations of his cousins across the Border. Invariably, he says, he has found them energetic, enterprising, and generous. "Those who have described the Yankees as a cold, designing, unimpassioned people know little of them in their domestic circles." Their avarice, their ostentation, and their snobbishness — vices he charges to their account — did not keep him from appreciating their finer qualities. His antagonism to annexation was based on the belief that it would prove an insuperable obstacle to a union of the Anglo-Saxon communities.

Haliburton's imperialism was no provincial dream. As the first writer of prominence to advocate a world-wide Zollverein of British peoples he fired the imagination of his countrymen. Under these circumstances his influence in Canada has been political rather than literary. The only literary echo of which I am aware is Ebenezer Clemo's (1831-60) *The Life and Adventures of Simon Seek* (1858). Through the recrudescence under Joseph Chamberlain of economic imperialism his political ideas, on the other hand, have recently found wide acceptance. His famous dictum that England and her colonies should be "one vast home market from Hongkong to Labrador" reverberates in the

pamphlets of the Tariff Reformers. Everywhere also in the British Dominions there has been renewed emphasis on his battle cry: "It should be our navy, our army, our nation."

Though Haliburton's power in Canada has been mainly political, his influence on the literature of Great Britain cannot be dismissed so lightly. Anyone who toils through contemporaneous English criticism will be surprised at the constant comparison with Dickens. The two writers are continually associated. *The Attaché*, as I have already shown, was a good-humored reply to the *American Notes*. Moreover, in *The Season Ticket* Haliburton does not hesitate to rank himself with the creator of Pickwick. Mr. Cary, in criticizing the Athenaeum because it has no smoking room, adds, "The members are not genial when such men as Thackeray, Sam Slick, and Dickens, who (to their credit be it said) are all smokers, can't persuade them." These points of contact may be responsible for the persistent tradition that Sam is a Yankee version of his Cockney namesake. The *Slick* series and the *Pickwick Papers* undoubtedly have much in common. Sam Slick and the Squire, Sam Weller and Pickwick, are too intimately related to be the result of accident. Incident, plot, and dialect all indicate a common source. It has generally been assumed that Haliburton must have been the debtor. This assumption is unquestionably wrong. The first chapters of *The Clockmaker*, appearing in the *Nova Scotian* in 1835, were immediately copied throughout the United States. The first number of the *Pickwick Papers* was not issued until the following spring. If there is any indebtedness, it was on the part of Dickens. As a young reporter he would be familiar with the most widely copied articles of the time. It is not unlikely that he was influenced by their popularity.

Aside from a few traces of Haliburton's method in the periodical literature of Great Britain there is nothing to parallel its influence in the United States. It may be interesting to note that this influence goes back to the *History*,

and that Haliburton is responsible for the inception and conduct of *Evangeline*. Through an aunt his tale of the Expulsion passed to Hawthorne and thence to Longfellow. In selecting his materials also the poet relied on the somewhat inaccurate account in the *History*. In much of the fiction of the time it is possible likewise to trace Sam's footsteps. It is among the humorists, however, that the fascination of his style is most apparent. *The Biglow Papers*, standing somewhat aside from the general development, do not escape. Several situations appear to have been borrowed from the *Slick* series. More important is the discipleship of Artemus Ward, whose books have been remarkably popular in Europe. At all times, according to his confession, he looked to Haliburton as his master. There is every reason also for believing that the trend of Mark Twain's genius was due largely to the Haliburton vogue. Newspapers everywhere were filled with *Yankee Yarns* and *Yankee Stories*. Burlesques and imitations followed. Of the latter many were credited to the author of *Slick*. So successfully was his style imitated that one of the imitations, *High Life in New York. By Jonathan Slick, Esq., of Weathersfield, Conn. A Series of Letters to Mr. Zephariah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church over to Weathersfield in the State of New York*, written anonymously by Mrs. Ann Sophia Stephens (1813-86), was reviewed as Haliburton's in a fifty-page critique in the *Irish Quarterly*. Owing to his lack of reading Twain's biographers have usually found it difficult to account for his literary tastes. The fact that the outlines of some of his characters and many of his incidents are duplicated in the hundreds of pages left by Haliburton may be a mere coincidence. Parallels at best are of dubious value. On the other hand, Haliburton's tales are those with which he would be familiar. An English traveller who journeyed up and down the valley of the Mississippi during the formative years of Twain's life has left a record of Sam's popularity. Every frontier cabin had its

version of the Yankee peddler's adventures. In the light of this testimony there is ground for regarding Twain as well as Ward as a disciple of Haliburton. The fact that he would find a *Sam Slick* almanac with typical saws and anecdotes in every shop increases the probability.

There is no reason consequently for taking exception to Ward's statement that Haliburton is the "father of American humor." In one sense he is. Through the logical development in Canada of the Loyalist Tradition, a direct heritage of the Revolution, he was enabled, after seventy-five years, to return to the people of the Old Colonies a lasting memorial of its vitality. That he could borrow the form of his sketches from the development south of the Great Lakes shows the close intellectual relationship between the two English-speaking nations of America. Chasles and Montégut are both right. Each stream — one culminating in Haliburton, the other in Twain — emerges from the common racial stock; both are English in origin. Yet each, following its own course, is distinctively of Canada or of the United States. To adjudge their relative value is to attempt the impossible. Each in its own place is supreme. Without either the English-speaking peoples would be losers in knowledge, in understanding, and in appreciation.

CHAPTER VII

POLITICAL SATIRE IN THE CANADAS

THE space devoted to Haliburton, which may seem disproportionate, is justified by the fact that he is the chief exponent of the satiric mood which dominated early attempts at literature. His career is duplicated by that of many a lesser man. Sir Brenton Haliburton (1775-1860), for instance, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, whose ancestors on his mother's side had settled Rhode Island and given it one of its earliest governors, turned from his *Observations on the Importance of the North American Colonies to Great Britain* (1825), published at Halifax and London, to such burlesques as *The Critical State of the Bull Family* and *John Bull and His Calves*. Everywhere in the realm of politics men abandoned argument for satire.

While Haliburton and his associates in the Maritime Provinces were thus developing new instruments of attack, other writers in the Canadas were employing similar weapons in the exigencies of party warfare. Those who depended on a stock character evolved in obscure papers of what is now Ontario the precursors of Mr. Dooley and his ilk. The Terry Finnegans, however, were usually skirmishers sniping at the bulwarks of the Standpatters. The latter, in spite of the rise of education, were still preëminent in the intellectual life of the country; and their work is weightier and more effective. In the Canadas the writers who count are mainly the Reactionaries.

Of these the most important is William Henry Fleet. He appears to have been a journalist and, for some years, editor of the Montreal *Transcript*. As party spokesman he published, in reply to Sir Francis Bond Head's *Narrative*, a

burlesque entitled *How I came to be Governor of the Island of Cacona; with a Particular Account of my Administration of the Affairs of that Island. . . . By the Hon. Francis Thistleton, Late Governor of the Island of Cacona* (1852). Those who read it were interested primarily in the facts, then too near for true perspective. Now that time has shown the insignificance of much that seemed important, it is possible to examine from a new point of view the chief satire on colonial government.

Downing Street is a type of imperial bureaucracy. Its faults — lack of knowledge, lack of interest, and lack of sympathy — are the inevitable faults of a remote administration; and what is true of the system is necessarily true of those connected with it. For this reason the Honorable Francis begins his sketch with a picture of the chief actors, two impecunious barristers — himself and his secretary-to-be, Pinkerton. Thistleton has written a pamphlet on colonies and colonization; Pinkerton has invented a respirator to improve the lot of his fellows. Neither pamphlet nor respirator has been a success, and author and inventor are on the brink of vagrancy. While awaiting notice of ejection, they are startled by the entrance of an official whose name symbolizes his voraciousness — Mr. Wolfe. To the despondent barristers he announces Thistleton's appointment to Cacona. Affairs in the Island, it seems, are in a bad way, and the Office, in desperation, has turned to the author of *Colonies and Colonization*. He has never heard of Cacona, but he conceals his ignorance and accepts with a tip the messenger's "Your Excellency." Mr. Wolfe's rapaciousness attaches him to the newly appointed governor, to whom he advances, at a ruinous rate of interest, the funds to purchase a kit, and to whom he presents a "Sweet" in the person of his son. With this ill-bred attendant and his secretary the Honorable Francis sets sail for the Island.

During the voyage he learns something of the inhabitants. The mystery attached to their manner of life appears in their

welcome of the Governor. On his arrival at Mud Creek Harbour, more desolate than usual because of the rain and the bleakness of the night, he is met by Mr. Bullyman, on whose shoulders he enters his domain. This method of entry, his host remarks, "would have an effect." For "effect" too he is persuaded to attend a ball in his honor. At this entertainment he is introduced to Miss McTighe, daughter of one of his host's partisans, the Suckers, by whom his movements are entirely regulated. On their advice he gives a state dinner to inaugurate his administration.

His ambitions are high. Since his appointment is evidently due to the radical theories of the pamphlet, he has reason to believe that he is expected to introduce a liberal *régime*; but the more he studies despatches the more confused he becomes. From the chaos of instructions, however, he finally divines that he is to act as seems best; and so establishes the forms of representative government. Through his Cabinet, composed of Suckers, he is forced to repudiate an axiomatic principle of Euclid: the railroad from Jericho, the capital of the Island, to Jazes, is built on the theory that any two sides of a triangle are together shorter than the third side. Through it too he assists in the distribution of patronage: members and would-be members of the Roundabout, the lower house, are elevated to the Drowsyheads, the upper chamber. Members of the Drowsyheads are raised to the Bench. Official sanction of these appointments connects him with the System to such an extent that Mr. Fester, an unamiable Sucker, suggests a marriage with Miss McTighe of ballroom memory. The Governor's rejection of this proposal and Pinkerton's coolness towards Miss Melinda Vantoozler cause a revolt among the Suckers. Their dissatisfaction flames into rebellion when he refuses to sign the Obejoyful Bill; and the Governor, forced to flee, escapes through the good offices of the neglected, but dignified and honorable, Bullfrogs. So ends the administration of the Honorable Francis Thistleton.

The relation of this satire to contemporaneous events and to the complacent narrative of Sir Francis Bond Head is summarized in "L'Envoi to the Reader," signed G. S. C. Although the claim of immortality made by the writer, undoubtedly a disgruntled Bullfrog, is partly due to his faith in the superiority of his kind, there is considerable swing to the narrative. In spite of the careless journalistic style so typical of the period the episodes stand out in striking relief. The incidents, therefore, give it merit apart from the satire. As an entertaining picture of colonial administration and party government — of the eternal struggle between the Suckers and the Bullfrogs — it will always be valuable: the inefficiencies of Downing Street and the pettifoggeries of the Governor's Cabinet have universal significance. It will probably be remembered, however, when the Rebellion Losses Bill is forgotten, as a curious story of adventure.

CHAPTER VIII

HISTORY AND POLITICS

EVEN more typical of the Pre-Confederation Period than the sketches of Haliburton and lesser men like Fleet is the work of those who were essentially publicists. To catch the spirit of the time one need but turn to the accumulations of disconnected facts which fill their volumes. Even the greatest of these — those of acknowledged worth and international repute — have little imaginative power. The past was too recent and the future too uncertain for either incident or possibility to assume its correct proportion. The brochures and treatises of this era are material for the historian rather than history. The authors — neither men of genius with the power to select and vitalize significant data nor scholars trained by long experience to weigh the relative value of details — were men of average intelligence and education who were turned aside from their proper interests by the curiosity of the age.

The general tendency towards enumeration appears nowhere more clearly than in the books on the War of 1812. As the struggle in Canada was focused in the region of the Great Lakes, it is natural that most of these should deal with operations in the West. By a curious train of circumstances, however, Halifax is associated with the standard naval history of the Empire. Although several native writers had touched on the maritime activities of the War, it remained for a West Indian, who was stimulated by the prevailing mood, to undertake an exhaustive chronicle. Nothing can be more characteristic than the plan and tone of this performance. Its author, William James (?-1827),

a Jamaican attorney detained in the United States, had escaped to Halifax, where he had become interested in naval operations on the Atlantic. The first results of his residence in Nova Scotia were several letters signed "Boxer" which he contributed to the *Naval Chronicle*. In these papers, which were republished as *Synopsis of Naval Actions between the Ships of his Britannic Majesty and of the United States*, he pointed out that the "American frigates were larger, stouter, more heavily armed, and more strongly manned than the English which they had captured," and that their victories should be attributed "not to superior seamanship nor to superior courage but to superior numerical force." During the next three years he continued his investigations, examining documents, visiting ships, and interviewing officers and men. Finally, in 1816, he published at Halifax his well-known work, *An Inquiry into the Merits of the Principal Naval Actions between Great Britain and the United States; Comprising an Account of all British and American Ships Captured and Destroyed since the Eighteenth of June, 1812*. This volume, dedicated to "The Loyal Inhabitants of his Majesty's North American Provinces," created a sensation in Canada and the United States, where it aroused bitter resentment. Though the conclusions of the *Inquiry*, which is the result of prolonged research, may be correct, the malicious attitude of the writer and his effort to belittle the United States detract from its value. While it stimulated scholarship, it did not promote good will. The controversy it aroused reëchoes at intervals in dissertations on the conflict; but time has healed its wounds, and the *Inquiry*, which is the basis of the more pretentious chronicle which followed, is generally accepted as a useful but uninspired repository of fact. In spite of its numerous editions, it is not a history in either temper or method.

The same criticism may be made regarding accounts of operations in the West. As James wrote to hearten the people of England, the historians of the St. Lawrence wrote

to commemorate the achievements of their countrymen. Exception may be made in the case of Robert Christie, whose *Memoirs of the Administration of the Colonial Government of Lower Canada by Sir James Henry Craig and Sir George Prevost*, published at Quebec in 1818, is impartial enough to have been circulated south of the Border as *The Military and Naval Operations in the Canadas*. Like all Christie's work, of which I shall speak in detail, it has nothing but an occasional flash of eloquence to relieve the dead monotony of style. More biased is David Thompson's (1796-1868) *History of the Late War between Great Britain and the United States of America* — the first considerable book written in Ontario — which was printed at Niagara in 1832. Some knowledge of literary conditions in Upper Canada may be gained from the fact that the author spent a term in prison because of its failure. Other accounts may be quickly dismissed. To emphasize the general interest in the theme, however, it may be well to mention in passing that John Richardson, the novelist, whose high place in Canadian literature is now becoming apparent, reprinted, in 1842, an account, *The Operations of the Right Division of the Canadian Army*, in which he had served as a lad of fifteen; that Gilbert Auchinleck published a narrative in the *Anglo-American Magazine* in 1855, and that William F. Coffin, sometime Sheriff of the District of Montreal, attempted, in 1864, "to present the War in Canada from a Canadian point of view." His book is interesting because it reflects the spirit of nationality, and also because it is an appreciation by a man of Loyalist birth of the part taken by French-Canadians in the national defense. *The War and its Moral; a Canadian Chronicle*, however, is a tedious performance. Its florid periods destroy any sympathy that may be evoked by the heroism of Laura Secord and De Salaberry. All the narratives of the War, most of which are available in reprints, are distinguished by industrious research and abominable form. The only exception is Richardson's account,

which is less accurate and more polished than the others. In spite of their historical value they cannot give their writers a place in literature.

The only work that has any literary merit is something much less formal than these ponderous, ill-proportioned theses. The little brochure to which I refer is William Dunlop's (1792-1848) *Recollections of the American War 1812-1814*, which first appeared in the *Literary Garland*, the most noteworthy periodical of the Pre-Confederation Era. Its author, who was born in Scotland, served in the Western campaigns as surgeon of the Connaught Rangers. After some years in India, where he acquired a reputation by his stories of tiger hunting, he returned to London. Joining the Canada Company in 1826, he spent the rest of his life in America. While Warden of the Huron Tract and a member of Parliament, he continued his literary activities, contributing to *Fraser's Magazine*, to *Blackwoods*, and to several Canadian reviews. His facetiousness, which is echoed in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, and in his own *Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada*, illuminates the *Recollections* with its clever portraits — its pictures of Peggy Bruce and Beau B., whom he so daringly outwitted. These humorous reminiscences are the only memorials of the War that time will not willingly let die.

Nor have the local histories — of towns and counties, of Halifax and the Eastern Townships — more vitality. Like most accounts of the War they are mere treasuries of fact, painful collections of irrelevant detail. The narratives of special periods by Christie, Richardson, and others suffer from the same defect. The writers were too near their material to estimate its value.

In a way also this is true of more pretentious works. They show immense curiosity but little imagination. In the decades following the War there were in each province men who tried to write its history. In every case their narratives lack proportion. In the first history of New Brunswick, for

example, the Great Fire appears as the most important episode. A large part of the volume is devoted to gruesome descriptions of its horrors. Nevertheless, a few men were able to overcome, to some extent, the obvious disadvantages of their situation. Haliburton's *Nova Scotia* has already been mentioned. In 1815 also William Smith (1769-1847), Clerk of the Parliament of Lower Canada, and son of the Chief Justice of Canada — a graduate of Yale and last Chief Justice of New York under the Crown — completed his *History of Canada; from its First Discovery to the Year 1791*. Though the first volume is not original, the second, which covers the Occupation, is the only source for much information that cannot be found elsewhere. Another writer who may be added to the list of minor historians is John Mercier MacMullen, whose *History of Canada* (1855) has been constantly republished. Though written with the ease of a journalist, it is superficial and ineffective. The two men who have obtained any reputation among scholars will probably be as soon forgotten. The lesser of these is Beamish Murdock, whose *History of Nova Scotia* (1867) is as characteristic of its time as of its author. His "stiff, antiquated figure in rusty black," in Sir John Bourinot's words, is symbolic of the dust-covered records of Halifax which he has preserved in his three large volumes. The greater, both in extent of work and reputation, is Robert Christie (1788-1856). Born and educated at Windsor, he inherited its conservatism. Until his death he retained the ideals and dress of the eighteenth century, which he took with him when he entered the Assembly of Lower Canada as member from Gaspé. His career there was far from happy. Because he advised the Governor to dismiss a number of magistrates, he was twice expelled from the House. A simple-minded gentleman, with a courage akin to obstinacy, he is more impartial than most of his contemporaries. Nevertheless, his work cannot be rated very high. No one, it is certain, will credit him with literary power. If he had any idea of evolution, it does not

appear in the mass of undigested material which he accumulated in the six volumes of *A History of the Late Province of Lower Canada* (1849-55), on which his reputation principally depends. A jumble of facts and ideas expressed in long, scraggly sentences covering a page or more does not make history. Much less does it make literature.

Though the work of Murdock and Christie is of no intrinsic value, it illustrates the character of the Pre-Confederation Period: that reminiscence was giving place to curiosity unlightened by national imagination. While conscious of increased unity of feeling, the people of British North America were not conscious of increased unity of purpose. The fragmentary character of their histories is the inevitable outcome of the fragmentary nature of their life.

Nowhere is that nature more evident than in the four hundred pamphlets, public letters, and special essays dealing with the problems of constitutional development. It has often been said that the success of the American Revolution determined the future of the British Empire. As a matter of fact, the War decided nothing whatever regarding the questions at issue. It merely showed how impossible it is for bloodshed to establish any theory of government. Whether imperial connection is compatible with modern democracy was determined not at Lexington or Bunker Hill but in the course of the long struggle from which the Dominion emerged as a national entity within a union of sovereign states. As the *Edinburgh Review* once pointed out, the progress of the British Empire since the War of 1812 has been conditioned largely by the theories developed in Canada during the Pre-Confederation Era. It has always been customary to make light of the political literature of this period. It is true that no one except Howe has left any considerable body of prose which is distinguished by imagination and felicity of phrase: his essays, speeches, and legislative reviews are as noble in tone and as lofty in utterance as the writings of any statesman of his century.

Nevertheless, since the pamphleteers felt strongly the truth of what they advocated, their style, though lacking in ease, is never lacking in vigor. Haliburton in the Maritime Provinces, for instance, may be cited as a representative Tory skirmisher. In Upper Canada, Sir John Beverley Robinson (1791-1863), whose name links Ontario with the Loyalists of New York, and Bishop Strachan (1778-1867), representing the conservative elements, with Robert Fleming Gourlay and William Lyon Mackenzie, representing the radical, have been singled out as writers of merit. Amidst the scores of partisan essayists, however, it is unwise to make any distinction. The work of all the pamphleteers, whether barristers, clergymen, or editors, has the same qualities — force and inflexibility. As a rule, the style differs little from that of the newspaper editorials, where abuse usually takes the place of argument. The pamphleteers in fact were journalists; and their work coincides with the rise of the press, in which most of their monographs first appeared as anonymous contributions.

Through their activity one name at least has been added to the realm of constitutional history. The controversies raised by the possibility of annexation, provincial union, or imperial federation led to a vast amount of research. Continental sentiment, which simmered for a few years, and then disappeared entirely, had no supporters of eminence, and added nothing to the political literature of the country. All that is of value touches the problems of union and imperial federation. Agitation in favor of some kind of legislative bond among the scattered colonies began as early as 1814, the last year of the War, when Jonathan Sewell (1766-1839), son of the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, wrote his pamphlet advocating a union of British North America. During the next fifty years, while liberal institutions were being evolved, many men aside from politicians like Howe contributed to the discussion of constitutional progress. Chief of these is Alpheus Todd (1821-84), whose life, with

its religious aberrations, is a mirror of the prevailing spirit of curiosity and unrest. As librarian of the Legislature of Upper Canada, he had every opportunity to follow his bent. In 1840, four years before May's treatise, he compiled *The Practice and Privileges of the Two Houses of Parliament*, and, in 1866, he contributed a pamphlet, *Brief Suggestions*, to the debate regarding the form of government to be introduced into British North America. In the following year, 1867, coincident with the Confederation, he issued the first volume of his famous work, *Parliamentary Government in England; its Origin, Development, and Practical Operation*. What was long considered the greatest study of the English constitution thus originated in the squabbles of the Canadas. As Todd had been asked for advice regarding "many difficult and complex" phases of administration, he undertook the work for the benefit of his countrymen. By explaining the origin and development of political institutions across the sea he hoped to make them understood and appreciated in the Dominion. That colonial statesmen might be adequately informed, he continued his labors during the next two years, and, in 1869, issued the second volume, dedicated to Thomas D'Arcy McGee. This was followed in time by his studies of the Canadian constitution, which have since been augmented by a Nova Scotian who was already beginning his career — Sir John George Bourinot (1837-1902).

On its appearance *Parliamentary Government* was at once accorded a high place. By the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Saturday Review*, and other periodicals it was recognized as a notable piece of work. This estimate has never been reversed. Translated into German and later into Italian, it is still read. Yet, in spite of its merit, it has all the faults of its time. In one respect Todd differs little from the minor historians whose names, cited in illustration, are rightly forgotten. Unlike theirs his work has proportion; like theirs, however, it lacks imagination. The Con-

stitution is not a living organism constantly adapting itself to new conditions. It is a thing of statutes and dust-covered memoranda. Though Todd was a great scholar, he was not a great craftsman. His lifeless, rather wooden, prose is the natural expression of an inquisitive but unimaginative mind.

The bond between the Mother Country and the Dominion was further strengthened by many historians and publicists who emigrated to Canada when their tastes and views were already formed. To show the significance of this element I need but mention the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee (1825-68). As the chief Irish patriot and man of letters in America, his advocacy of British institutions, which had a tremendous effect on the Irish-Catholic population, counteracted the tendency of his co-religionists to think only of progress south of the Border. In many respects he was not unlike Howe. An orator of great eloquence, with a fiery love of freedom, he labored unceasingly for the improvement of the people for whom he laid down his life. Like Howe also he gave both sympathy and encouragement to men whose names are more renowned than his own. Of the numerous prose works which link the Dominion with his native island the best known is his *Popular History of Ireland* (1862-63). Though it lacks the imaginative outlook of his Canadian essays, it is written with his customary skill.

While the Dominion was thus indebted to Great Britain and Ireland, it received little stimulus from the United States. The colleges south of the Great Lakes had nothing to offer its scholars, who turned perforce to the universities of the Mother Country. There was no stream of students as today passing back and forth across the Border. Though it is true — as a glance at the faculty of any great educational institution in the United States will prove — that many do not return, it is also true that there is an increasing measure of intellectual reciprocity. In the Pre-Confederation Era conditions were different. The young men who left Canada

for wider opportunities invariably remained. A reader will at once think of Charles Wentworth Upham (1802-75) — son of a Loyalist judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick — whose *Salem Witchcraft* is authoritative as well as ponderous, and of John Foster Kirk (1824-1904), author of *A History of Charles the Bold* (1853-68), who left Quebec to become Prescott's secretary.

Despite the fact that historical and political literature in Canada was thus closely related to that of Great Britain and Ireland rather than to that of the United States, the relationship did not alter its American characteristics. The form was often of the Old World; the spirit was always of the New. In continuity of authorship and insistence on equality of privilege there are few departures from the trails blazed by the early New England settlers.

CHAPTER IX

PERIODICAL LITERATURE IN THE CANADAS

THOUGH the *Nova Scotian* had more influence on the literary ideals of the Maritime Provinces than any other periodical, its popularity is only one sign of the *post-bellum* renaissance. After the collapse of the Loyalist reviews there were a couple of efforts in the following decade to maintain a respectable magazine, but these attempts met with immediate failure. In 1826, however, when Howe was maturing the plans for his paper, the *Acadian Magazine; or Literary Mirror* appeared at Halifax. That it did not reach its third year does not detract from its significance. The sketches entitled "The Characteristics of Nova Scotia" and the reviews of Howe's "Melville Island" and Goldsmith's *The Rising Village*, in which it finds the germs of a native literature, show where its ambitions lay. Though Howe remarked good naturedly, when it died, that the public, which was accused of criminal neglect, could hardly be held guilty because the *Acadian* had never shown any signs of life, the extent of its original contributions indicates the existence of a coterie of literary aspirants. This fact is corroborated by the six periodicals which followed in its wake and, more particularly, by the numbers of the *Halifax Monthly Magazine* (1830-33), which is far more original, far more pert, and far more gossipy than anything which had preceded. That most articles are devoted to British North America shows that a taste for local material had already taken root. To appreciate the force of this tendency one has merely to turn to the two leading periodicals of Lower Canada.

The first, the *Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository*, a monthly publication of ninety-six pages begun in

July, 1823, died at the end of its second year. It had few readers, and is of no importance except as it reflects the temper of the English-speaking people of Quebec. Its purpose was to give not only "stability and permanency but spirit and enterprise to literary pursuits." Though the editor speaks of the "rise of a great, prosperous, and independent nation," he did not gainsay the past: the *Magazine* was to aid "in keeping alive the heroic and energetic sentiments of our ancestors — their private virtues and public patriotism — and in forming, for the example of posterity, a moral, an industrious, and a loyal population." Aside from the trend of these remarks there is little of interest in its volumes. Like those of the *Nova Scotia Magazine* they contain prose and verse, selected and original, and a foreign and domestic chronicle. The most important articles are on Montreal and the fur trade. The verse reflects the tendencies of the time: the persistence of the classical tradition and the supremacy of Byron. Even in the longer poems where the couplet is maintained with unimpaired uniformity the subject matter is inspired by the prevailing vogue. The minor verse — love songs, odes on Greece, and French and German ballads — show how closely progress coincided with that to the south.

The efforts of the *Canadian Magazine* to review the work of foreign and native authors were overshadowed by those of the next periodical, the *Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal* (1824-26), which compares favorably with the first issues of the *North American*, by which it was rather contemptuously assailed. Each number, modelled after the *Edinburgh Review*, contains two hundred and forty pages of solid reading. It is a striking fact that the first volume describes the organization of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, an institution which has done much to encourage research. The prophecy that "it will raise us in the moral and intellectual scale of nations" has not been entirely unfulfilled. Nine titles of the first number, it is worthy

of note, introduce articles on various phases of Canadian life. Two of the remainder are reviews of Canadian books. In the criticism of *St. Ursula's Convent; or the Nun of Canada* (1824), the first novel written in Ontario, the treatment is frank and suggestive. Quite as stimulating is the critique of *The Charivari, or Canadian Poetics* (1824), one of the numerous Byronic imitations which appear to have been popular. Indeed, all the four long poems included in this number emphasize the power of Byron over his contemporaries. It appears in "Dramfred, a Dramatic Poem," a parody of *Manfred*, in "Euphrosyne, a Turkish Tale"; in a translation of Lamartine's "Man" addressed to Byron, and in the "Ode to Spain." It appears also in the review of *Manfred*, in which the writer questions the sincerity of the poet's art. The courage shown by the contributors gives its judgments, crude as they are, exceptional vitality. Since their publication there has been little in Canada to compare with them. It is regrettable that the magazine did not find adequate support.

Though its essays are modelled after those of the *Edinburgh Review*, it did not hesitate to attack its conclusions. In criticizing John Howison's *Sketches of Upper Canada*, the writer remarks: "But in our opinion the most extraordinary circumstance which attended the publication of the first edition of this work was the marked respect and unqualified approbation which it experienced from those two great periodical publications of Scotland — the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. That the latter, however inconsistent with its avowed principles and conduct, should endeavor to speak favorably of a production coming from the hands of a frequent and laborious contributor to its own pages is not so surprising; but that the former, which is renowned all over the world for the splendor of its talents, the correctness of its information, and the general, though severe and impartial, accuracy of its critical comments and reasoning, should lend its pages to the propagation of one of the

most puerile . . . descriptions that was ever given of Canada is to us a matter of much surprise and curiosity."

The Colony, he says, strikes Englishmen in much the same light as the ring of Saturn. "They consider it as something very large, very distant, and inexpressibly unimportant to themselves and their families." A man of ability, he summarizes the characteristics of his age with remarkable insight. While admitting the inertia of the past, he emphasizes the activity of the present—"the spirit which has lately been awakened, and is now in busy operation within this country for its improvement." Instinctively also he turns to the defense of the United States, which had been assailed by Howison according to the custom of English travellers. Indeed, the review of the *Sketches* is a good criterion of the force with which the periodical was conducted. Though its estimates are usually inconclusive, its contributors often wrote with spirit and independence.

Though less ambitious, the *Literary Garland* (1838-51), a monthly edited by John Gibson and Mrs. Cushing, was more popular. It did for the Canadas what the *Nova Scotian* did for the Maritime Provinces. With it were connected the Western writers who have achieved any place in Canadian literature. John Richardson, Charles Sangster, Mrs. Leprohon, and the Strickland sisters, Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill, for instance, contributed to its columns. Imbued with the tenets of romanticism, the Stricklands carried into the valley of the Trent an ardent love of natural beauty. Through their verse and prose they aroused the inhabitants of Ontario and Quebec to an appreciation of their heritage. The *Garland* is remembered, therefore, as the chief exponent of romanticism and as the source of the nationalistic movement to employ Canadian material. Affected doubtless by the success of *Fraser's Magazine*, it stimulated every phase of literary production: verse, memoir, essay, sketch, and novel. From its poetry, as Wilfred Campbell has pointed out, it would be possible to compile a pleasing anthology.

Its prose, as I have to show, is of considerable importance. In accomplishment and in effect on public taste the *Garland* surpassed all its rivals. After its collapse a dozen magazines and reviews struggled for an audience, but one by one they expired without leaving any trace of their existence. The *Garland* alone has left a permanent impress on the national temperament.

CHAPTER X

MEMOIRS

IN their struggle for supremacy during the Pre-Confederation Era the Loyalists were aided by many half-pay officers who emigrated to Canada after the War of 1812. In the West especially the conservative elements were strengthened by numerous colonies from the Mother Country. As a rule the members of these groups merely accentuated the social differences of the communities in which they lived. Unfitted, in most cases, for the hardships of pioneer life, they were easily gulled by the unscrupulous neighbors whom they despised. Their contributions to the literature of the different provinces seldom extend beyond the colorless autobiographies which were popular during the first decades of the nineteenth century.

Most handbooks emphasize the names of a few English men and women of literary eminence whose work was influenced, in some way, by their residence in America. Mrs. Jameson (1794-1860), whose life in Toronto led to her *Rambles in Canada* (1838), is given a niche in the Canadian hall of fame. A larger place is reserved for John Galt (1799-1839), the Scotch novelist, who drew on his transatlantic experiences when he returned to England after his disastrous adventure in the Canada Company. Neither of them, however, left any impress on Canadian literature. Undoubtedly Galt's connection with *Blackwood's* extended its circulation in Ontario, and thus strengthened the links, already strong, between Scotland and Canada. After his return also his championship helped to secure a hearing for *The Club* and the *Slick* series. Nevertheless, the only memo-

rial of his residence in the New World is the city which bears his name. None of these transient visitors had any following in British North America.

Though most autobiographies of the period have long since been forgotten except by bibliophiles, early conditions have been adequately visualized by one of the groups of settlers to which I have referred. Since girlhood the Stricklands had dabbled in prose and verse. After their early life at Stowe House, an old mansion on the banks of the Waveney, the family removed to Reydon Hall, Sussex, where the daughters were educated by an eccentric but brilliant father. His death, in 1818, left them in straitened circumstances. Impelled by necessity, Catharine Parr, one of the sisters, disposed of some juvenile stories which she had written in her spare hours. Her success stimulated the others to like endeavor. As a result, the three sisters, Agnes (1806-74), the biographer of English queens, Susanna (1803-85), and Catharine (1802-99) soon acquired a reputation as writers for the young. Several of their little narratives, all of which are distinguished by the sympathetic observation of natural phenomena that makes Mrs. Traill's sketches so attractive, still divert the children of Great Britain.

From the pleasant fields of Sussex to the forests of Rice Lake is a long journey. Ninety years ago it was longer and more wearisome than today. Yet, like many other young Englishwomen, the two sisters, Susanna and Catharine, accompanied their husbands to the new Land of Promise. In 1831 Susanna married Lieutenant J. W. Dunbar Moodie of Melsetter, in the Orkney Islands, and with him set sail for Ontario. Her hopes and disappointments during the following years are graphically described in her *Roughing It in the Bush; or Life in Canada* (1852), which has been equally popular in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada. Its value lies in the fact that her experiences were those of hundreds of other delicately reared gentlewomen who courageously obeyed the call of duty. From Quebec and

Montreal, with their plague-infected streets, she takes her readers into the taverns of the "Front," as the counties on the Lakes were then designated, and into the offices of the despicable speculators who preyed on the ignorant immigrants. Were it not for her powers of characterization, her narrative would be as tedious as many that I have discarded. It is her ability to depict the flotsam of a raw community, the self-importance of the newly liberated serf, the vanity of the impecunious matron who boasts of her high connections at "Home," that gives her preëminence among the writers of memoirs.

Quite as fascinating as her references to the people whom she meets is the unconscious revelation of personality in her dependence on the conventional formulæ of an English gentlewoman; in her surprise that the titles of "Sir" and "Madam" are "very rarely applied by inferiors," and in her little vanity of authorship. Yet, in spite of the narrowness of her sex and of her age, she emerges as a bright heroic spirit that anxiety and suffering could neither darken nor intimidate.

In her pages it is possible to trace her homesickness for the English countryside, her repugnance at her lot in the Canadian wilds, and her final contentment with her adopted home. "My love for Canada," she confesses, "was a feeling very nearly allied to that which the condemned criminal entertains for his cell." "Now," she continues later, "when not only reconciled to Canada, but loving it, and feeling a deep personal interest in its present welfare and the fair prospect of its future greatness, I often look back and laugh at the feelings with which I then regarded this noble country." In a later book she adds: "I no longer regard myself as an alien on her shores but her daughter by adoption — the happy mother of Canadian children, rejoicing in the warmth and hospitality of a Canadian home." A loyal daughter she was. Howe, with his memorable phrases lit by the clear white flame of his imagination never uttered a

higher prophecy of future greatness than this quiet, reserved Englishwoman of the Trent Valley. "You feel at every step," she writes, "that Canada must become a great nation." Its people "possess capabilities and talents which . . . will render them second to no people in the world."

Though Mrs. Moodie came to understand, and to appreciate, her neighbors, she never closed her eyes to their imperfections. Against the harshness and vulgarity of the satiric tradition she never ceased to battle. As one of the leaders in the romantic impulse, which has done much to widen the horizon of the Canadian people, she is worthy of remembrance. From childhood she had been peculiarly susceptible to natural beauty. Coming down the St. Lawrence, she tells her readers in *Roughing It*, she broke into tears at the sight of Quebec. "Next to the love of God," she asseverates, "the love of Nature may be regarded as the purest and holiest of the human heart." Though not entirely above the aristocratic pastime of ridiculing the United States, she devoted her energies to the nobler task of arousing her neighbors to the glories of their environment. Into their narrow, unimaginative minds, warped by prejudice, she brought new images and new delights.

For whatever she accomplished the *Literary Garland* must be given due credit. On its inauguration she became a regular contributor. In it most of the sketches which constitute *Roughing It* first appeared. Through it too most of her other work secured its vogue.

Her novels, all autobiographical in character, which ran through numerous editions in Great Britain and America, are now forgotten. Though favorably criticized by *Blackwood's* and other reviews, they are mere echoes of *Roughing It*, on which her reputation rests. This, her most vital work, is far from perfect. The intermediate chapter, "The Land Jobber," by her husband, who also wrote a volume of reminiscences, destroys what little continuity the narrative possesses. The descriptions of the Indians, who appealed to

her sense of the picturesque, lack proportion. Worst of all, the moral that no gentleman ever succeeds in the bush detracts from the matter-of-fact transcription which gives the memoir its charm. The fact that Mrs. Moodie had a "negative mind" — to borrow a phrase from the *Athenaeum* — increases her skill at portraiture. That she was willing, in general, to tell what she saw, without offering suggestions for improvement, heightens the power of her sketches. The naturalness of her manner at once invites confidence. The easy, limpid, almost slipshod style, with no pretense of force, is peculiarly ingratiating.

In Great Britain, as I have indicated, the memoir met with immediate success. In the United States the excision of certain political passages led to equal appreciation. In Canada, on the other hand, *Roughing It* aroused extreme hostility. Nothing but her sex saved the author from maltreatment at the hands of those to whom she refers in the course of the narrative. Happily, the abuse which she mentions in her *Life in the Clearings* (1853) has not affected its ultimate popularity. So well has it maintained its position that it is now established as a national classic.

While the *Garland* created a demand for prose, it also encouraged the production of verse. In it and in the *Victoria Magazine*, afterwards conducted by Mrs. Moodie and her husband, most of her poems were given to the public. Though few of her lyrics were issued in book form, they speedily sang their way from periodicals and newspapers into the homes of Ontario and Quebec. Some like the "Snow Song" were widely popular in the United States. Although many of these ditties are entirely worthless, they brought a touch of cheer into many an unlovely settlement, and directed the attention of Canadian writers to Canadian subjects. However pernicious has become the theory that a national literature must be provincial in material, there is no gainsaying the fact that, when first promulgated by the *Literary Garland*, it stimulated independent effort and

counteracted, in a small way, the influence of Byron, whose cynicism found a ready echo on this side of the Atlantic. Though it is undoubtedly true that Mrs. Moodie is indebted to the English Romanticists, it is also true that in treatment as well as in subject matter she occasionally attains to something approaching independence. Verses like "The Canadian Herd Boy" show how gracefully she can invest the dull routine of the backwoods with a poetic coloring:

Through the deep woods, at peep of day,
The careless herdboys winds his way,
By piny ridge and forest stream,
To summon home his roving team:
Cobos! Cobos! from distant dell
Sly echo wafts the cattle bell.

A blithe reply he whistles back
And follows out the devious track,
O'er fallen tree and mossy stone,
A path to all save him alone unknown:
Cobos! Cobos! far down the dell
More faintly sounds the cattle bell.

See, the dark swamp before him throws
A tangled mass of cedar boughs;
On all around deep silence broods
In Nature's boundless solitudes:
Cobos! Cobos! the breezes swell
As nearer floats the cattle bell.

He sees them now; beneath yon trees
His motley herd recline at ease;
With lazy pace and sullen stare
They slowly leave their shady lair:
Cobos! Cobos! far up the dell
Quick jingling comes the cattle bell.

I have referred to Mrs. Moodie's poetry because it cannot be separated from her prose: in most of her books they go hand in hand. Together they show the growing sense of national unity and the emergence of a new attitude towards Nature and the ordinary concerns of life.

With the *Literary Garland* and the Romantic Movement is associated the name of another of the Strickland sisters. In the year after Mrs. Moodie's marriage, Catharine and her husband, a lieutenant in Moodie's regiment, followed her to Ontario. Their life during the next thirty years differed little from the Moodies'. It is a sad record of cholera, privation, and loss by fire. Yet, in spite of their hardships, the Traills maintained their interest in literary affairs. Besides contributing to the *Garland* and other Canadian magazines Mrs. Traill wrote regularly for a number of English periodicals. Her husband, who had formed many friendships with English men of letters during his career at Oxford, maintained a correspondence which kept them in touch with progress in the Mother Country. Mrs. Traill's work, like Mrs. Moodie's, is largely conditioned by English romanticism. Her devotion to the trees and plants of her adopted home — a devotion known through the sketches of her old age — goes back to her girlhood at Reydon Hall. To Canada she brought the knowledge acquired by many a ramble through the fields of Sussex. With Mrs. Moodie she must be given credit for the new aesthetic impulse which sweetened the lives of the Canadian people.

With two exceptions none of her early books are now read. Like Mrs. Moodie's they are all autobiographic. Growing out of her experience, they satisfied the curiosity in Canada and Europe regarding the resources of British North America. In the three oldest English-speaking countries they met with general commendation. So great was the interest aroused by the story of her exile in the Ontario forest that Lord Palmerston granted her a hundred pounds from the civil list. Indeed, *Canadian Crusoes* (1852), edited by her sister Agnes, is still sold. Though not a pretentious story, it is the best of its kind. More indicative of her sensitive nature is the "History of a Squirrel Family," which is found in *Lady Mary and her Nurse; or a Peep into the Canadian Forest* (1856). This child's narrative, one of the nu-

merous tales written for English nurseries during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, would be less than mediocre were it not for the story of Nimblefoot and his sisters, Velvetpaw and Silvernose. Apart from a few extraneous reflections it is a little masterpiece in its accurate observation and sympathetic treatment of animal life. The simple, artless tale, slipping along without effort, compares favorably with anything that Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson or Mr. Charles George Douglas Roberts has yet accomplished. In a humble way Mrs. Traill's girlhood story of *Little Downy, the Fieldmouse* (1822), still a source of delight in many an English home, and an excellent study in preparation for the autobiography of Nimblefoot and his sisters, may be regarded as the forerunner of the animal story in Canadian literature.

Though Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill must be accorded a place in the development of imaginative prose and verse, their work is essentially reminiscent in mood. It is the chief memorial of the English immigration which followed the War of 1812. How persistent was the spirit of reminiscence among the English settlers in Ontario may be gathered from the fact that their brother Samuel, who emigrated to Canada when a lad of nineteen, left a memoir, *Twenty-Seven Years in Canada West* (1853), which was edited by his sister Agnes, through whose name it has acquired a fictitious importance. It is valuable chiefly because it helps to re-create a little group of grave, God-fearing men and women whose devotion to noble aims has a sweet savor amidst the drunkenness and vice of the military settlements.

CHAPTER XI

JOHN RICHARDSON AND THE HISTORICAL ROMANCE

ASSOCIATED with the *Literary Garland* and the Romanticists of Ontario was the most distinguished man of letters in Upper Canada — John Richardson (1796-1852), whose name is linked with the Scotch, French, and Loyalist elements of Canadian society. When Colonel John Graves Simcoe was appointed Governor of Upper Canada, a regiment to support his authority was recruited in Scotland and the Maritime Provinces. Among the officers of the Queen's Rangers, so-called after the Loyalist corps of the Revolution, was a young Scotchman, Robert Richardson, a member of an Annandale family that had squandered its fortunes for the last of the Stuarts. By a curious turn of fate the *Canadienne* whom he married was also descended from a house which had supported the Lost Cause. After the revolt under John Erskine, Earl of Mar, in favor of the Old Pretender, one of his kinsmen who had been engaged in the rebellion fled to Strabane, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, where he concealed his identity under the name of Askin. His son John, who emigrated to America before the Seven Years' War, became a merchant at Albany and the reliever of Detroit when invested by Pontiac. For his success in provisioning the garrison he was rewarded by large grants in the Western District. Removing to Detroit, he became its most prominent citizen — a member of the Land Board, a magistrate, and Lieutenant Colonel of the Division. After the evacuation of the town by the British forces in 1796, and the confiscation of his estates, he moved across the Detroit River to the home which is still known as Strabane. Long

before, when a rising trader on the Frontier, he had married the daughter of an aristocratic French family; and their child Madeleine, educated at La Congregation de Notre Dame, the chief educational institution of Lower Canada, now became the wife of Robert Richardson and the mother of the first Ontario novelist.

Born in the same year as Haliburton, the latter's associations and ideals were not unlike those of the Nova Scotia humorist. Though his father was transferred to York and then to Fort St. Joseph, his mother remained at Queenston, which had been founded by Butler's Rangers, until her husband was appointed surgeon to the garrison of Fort Amherstburg, where he became Judge of the District Court. Within sight of the city where his grandfather had commanded the British troops his son John spent his boyhood. By his mother he was taught French, which he used with the fluency of English, and the high, if somewhat quixotic, code of honor which was one of his salient characteristics. To the oversight of his father he owed the perseverance in adversity which he displayed in manhood. Great as his indebtedness to his parents undoubtedly was, it was surpassed by that to Strabane. From his grandfather he heard many a tale of the Border, and from his grandmother, whose skill in narrative was long remembered, many a story of Detroit and Michilimackinac. Already her grandson had begun to dream of a novel in which the solitary figure of Pontiac, whose braves she had seen around the palisades of Detroit, would stalk through the pages with war paint and tomahawk. Fascinating indeed was the life which Richardson enjoyed. In that day Amherstburg glittered with scarlet uniforms. Fur traders — French-Canadian *voyageurs* and half-breeds — with their toques and sashes swept out from the Great Lakes with cargoes for London and Paris. On treaty days long lines of canoes filled with painted warriors moved with silent precision to the ancient camping grounds of their race. In the celebrations which followed the pay-

ment of bounties Richardson probably found many hints which he afterwards elaborated in *Wacousta*. The busy seething existence of the Frontier with its incident and color was more attractive to him than Virgil or Ovid. It is easy to believe him when he says that he almost welcomed the outbreak of the war which permitted him to substitute a musket for a pen.

When only fifteen years of age he entered the ranks of the Forty-first Regiment as a gentleman volunteer. Until captured at the battle of Moraviantown, in 1813, he took part in every engagement in which it participated. At the close of the war, when all available troops were required in Europe, he sailed from Quebec as lieutenant in the Eighth Regiment to reënforce the army in Flanders. Before the transport reached England, Waterloo had been fought, and orders rescinded. As the Eighth was immediately disbanded, he was transferred to the Second Regiment, which he accompanied to Barbadoes. Invalided home, he was gazetted to the Ninety-second Highlanders, and placed on half pay.

During the next fifteen years in London and Paris, where he seems to have enjoyed all the gaities of the French capital, he began his career as a man of letters. Some time before March, 1825, he published *Tecumseh*, a narrative poem in four cantos. Though Indian subjects under the stimulus of Cooper's success were becoming popular in Canadian poetry, it is probable that Richardson's material is due to the noble warrior whom he describes so graphically in his *War of 1812*. Be that as it may, the poem is valuable evidence of his interest in the sources which he employed in the novels on which his fame depends. His eyes were already turned towards the Western Frontier. The restriction of the *ottava rima*, shaped as usual at this time by the method of Byron, doubtless showed him also that he required another medium of expression. Henceforth at any rate he abandoned verse for prose.

Though his masterpiece, *Wacousta*, was already taking shape, his next venture, *Ecarté* (1829), shows how uncertain was his hand. It is the work of a man who had already seen much of life, who had a keen appreciation of popular taste, but who had not yet achieved singleness of purpose or mastery of form. Like all Richardson's novels, it is largely the result of experience. His claim of verisimilitude is based on an intimate knowledge of fact. He himself appears in the exploits of Clifford Delmaine, the hero, in the adventures of his friend Dormer, and in many of the minor incidents. Back of most episodes is a satiric purpose which it is unnecessary to disentangle. The characterization is typical, in many ways, of Richardson's more mature work. All the respectable people are colorless. Only the disreputable personages like De Forsac, who seeks to ruin Delmaine through the blandishments of his mistress, Adeleine Dorjèville, and thus win the hand of the heroine, Helen Stanley, excite curiosity. The attempt to portray Clifford as a generous, impulsive young gentleman easily seduced by flattery is not altogether successful. The minor characters, even the Irish captain with his "marking irons," are often mechanical. With his "females" — always his greatest weakness — Richardson is most ineffective: when not insipid they are inevitably ardent and voluptuous. His strength lies in his descriptive power. The scenes in Madame Dorjèville's house, in the prison of Saint Pelagie, and at Peter Godet's possess all the realistic sordidness of *Oliver Twist*. The salons, likewise, with their color and music, are brilliantly visualized. As a panorama of life among English officers in Paris, *Ecarté* has much to commend it.

As a narrative it has little. Dormer's tale of captivity during the War of 1812 clogs the story when it has just started. Many incidents are altogether extraneous. Like most amateurs Richardson cannot resist the temptation to overwork his material. Yet, in spite of these flaws, the novel gathers power as it proceeds. The scene in which

Clifford, returning at night from the salon, discovers De Forsac with the protesting Adeleine in his arms, is developed with considerable skill. If the *dénouement* were as successful, *Ecarté* would still be read. Of all chapters the conclusion is most unsatisfactory. After the characters are accounted for a reader lays down the novel with a strange sense of bafflement.

As yet the author had not found himself. *Ecarté* is a curious jumble of Richardson, Byron, and Lytton. To the last, a barometer of public taste, he was evidently indebted for his Parisian background and principal character. No one can read *Falkland* and *Pelham*, which was issued in the preceding year, without recognizing Richardson's efforts to gratify the appetite for social studies. Like many novels long since forgotten, *Ecarté* anticipates the realism of Dickens and Thackeray.

Though Richardson, with the quick eye of a trained journalist, planned to take advantage of the prevalent mood, any possibility of success was destroyed by one of the literary squabbles of the time. Because of a disagreement with Colburn, Jerdan, the most influential writer on the *Literary Gazette*, swore to attack the next book he should publish. By ill luck this happened to be *Ecarté*. In his review, therefore, he described it as "unfit to be seen beyond the precincts of the stews." While other critics were more lenient, the novel never acquired any popularity in Great Britain. In the United States, where it appeared in the editions of 1851 and 1888, it seems to have met with general approval. Though it may be a "very brilliant novel," in the words of the *International Monthly*, it is far from great.

At best it is a study in which its author was feeling his way towards *Wacousta* (1832), which remains the most signal manifestation of his genius. Here everything contributed to success. Richardson had reached the prime of life; he had seen much; he had served a long apprenticeship. In the story of Pontiac, which had been revolving in his mind since

boyhood, he had the advantage of familiarity and perspective. As a result, there is accuracy of detail and play of imagination. Though incredible in one or two particulars, the plot is well developed. With the Conspiracy and the attacks on Michilimackinac and Detroit are linked the personal fortunes of Colonel de Haldimar and Wacousta, the Warrior of the Fleur de Lis. When subalterns in the same regiment, Wacousta — Reginald Morton in the civilized world — had been cheated of his bride by De Haldimar. In his rage against the uniform which condoned the treachery he joined the Pretender's forces, and later entered a French corps at Quebec. Devoting his energy to revenge against his former comrade, he acquired the status of an Indian chief. As a leader he excelled in cunning, strength, and cruelty. His huge stature, looming ominously through the pages, gives the romance the unity which is one of its chief merits. By this time also Richardson had learned the meaning of suspense. Interest never flags. The narrative rushes along with incredible swiftness. Incident follows incident in rapid succession. In martial passages Richardson is at his best. In many respects he stands unrivalled among English writers as a painter of the pomp and circumstance of war. The fight at the bombproof, the night scene on the parade, with Frank Halloway in chains and the torches flaring in the blackness, the execution, and the interview between Pontiac and De Haldimar — the keystone of the tale — are altogether admirable. The chief weaknesses are the artificiality of the dialogue, which is often stilted, and the tendency towards melodrama, which is one of the author's besetting sins. Fortunately for his fame, his material seldom countenances either of the flaws which detract from his later work. His familiarity with Indian customs and modes of thought leads him to avoid many of the pitfalls of *Ecarté*. *Wacousta* deserves the position it has secured.

On its publication in London it was accorded a flattering reception. The author was at once recognized as a power-

ful rival of Cooper, whose reputation was then at its zenith. The review in the *Athenaeum*, which may be cited as typical of English comment, emphasizes his graphic skill and his maintenance of suspense. The subsequent vogue of the novel indicates its appeal to the general reader. In Philadelphia, where it was issued in the following year, the triumph was repeated. Richardson was recognized as one of the "masters of romantic fiction." In criticism after its republication in 1851 and 1888 he is still acknowledged to be a brilliant delineator of Indian life. The chief offenses laid to his account in England and the United States — for there were few who did not admit his power — are largely matters of detail. To those who attacked his inaccuracy in representing the St. Clair as a short distance from Michillimackinac, and the river itself as a narrow stream covered with branches, he pleads, in one of his prefaces, the dispensation of his art. The plausibility of incidents like Wacousta's feat on the flagstaff he defends on the ground of experience. Though the novel was published serially in the *Montreal Transcript*, with which Fleet was connected, and in book form in the same city in 1868, few Canadian studies are to be expected. Until recent years Richardson's name, which stood at the pinnacle of fame in the days of the *Garland*, has been almost unknown among his countrymen, for whom he sacrificed his career. Since his romances, with their pictures of life on the Western Frontier, have again begun to attract attention, they can no longer be accused of neglect. Much valuable research has already been accomplished.

Though a great deal of archaeological information has been unearthed, no adequate estimate of Richardson's place in the development of Canadian literature has been essayed. His first preface to *Wacousta* has probably led to confusion. With characteristic generosity he confesses that he has "stolen" the subject from Cooper. This candid avowal resulted in a tendency on the part of early writers like Sir

John Bourinot to regard *Wacousta* as a mere imitation. Later criticism based on more careful analysis has swung in the opposite direction. Nevertheless, though the romance is built on the early stories of Detroit which so impressed the young Canadian lad whose grandfather figures in the narrative, and though the tale might have been written without the stimulus of *The Last of the Mohicans*, Richardson was undoubtedly influenced by Cooper's success. With the journalistic sense which he had shown in *Ecarté* he was quick to recognize the possibilities in the story of Pontiac. That Cooper, who had the bitter verbal conflict which reverberated back and forth across the Border after the publication of the *Inquiry*, appears as the godfather of Canadian fiction is a happy instance of the power of art to transcend the barriers of national prejudice.

Though safely launched on the current created by Cooper, who followed in the wake of Scott, his restless spirit prohibited Richardson from continuing his success. In 1834 he accepted a captaincy in the British Auxiliary Legion, a force recruited in England by the Spanish Ambassador to assist the Queen Regent, Christina. As senior captain of the Sixth Grenadiers, to which he had been appointed after his recovery from typhus, he led his company at the battle of San Sebastian. On returning to England, he found that his name had not appeared in the list of honors. To his *Movements of the British Legion* (1836), which he had ready for the press, he accordingly added a preface accusing his commander, Lieutenant General De Lacy Evans, of nepotism in his staff appointments. Hastening back to Spain, he was exonerated from the charges brought against him, and as major in the Fourth Fusiliers commanded the regiment at the Heights of Passage. Shortly afterwards he left Spain and returned to England, where a second edition of his *Movements* precipitated discussion regarding the propriety of the expedition. In the subsequent debate in the House

of Commons, where his part in the operations was attacked, his conduct was amply vindicated.

Throughout the Spanish campaigns his eyes had been fixed on Canada, where blood had already been shed. As all news received in England came through the United States, the *Times* decided to send a correspondent to investigate conditions in the American Provinces. Since Richardson's articles on the West had already given him rank as the leading colonial journalist, and since his views were patently conservative, it was natural that he should be selected. Because of his desire to return he accepted the offer with alacrity. After a brief sojourn in New York, where he was introduced to the literary coteries of the metropolis, he travelled across the state to his birthplace at Queenston. From there he went to Quebec, where he met Lord Durham, who received him with the utmost frankness. As a result of this interview, in which each was impressed by the force and honesty of the other, Richardson determined to advocate the cause of popular government. While closely connected by birth and profession with the ruling classes, he had been absent from Canada long enough to view conditions with impartiality. It is characteristic of his code of honor that he did not allow selfish considerations to influence his actions. He was well aware that his two letters signed "Inquisitor" would lead to dismissal by the *Times*, from which he was receiving a substantial salary. Though the loss of his income was a heavy blow, he began his career in Canada with high hopes. At Amherstburg, where he had lived as a boy, he took up his residence.

Keenly sensitive to the demands of his audience, he at once associated himself with the *Literary Garland*, in which his name often occurs. To it he contributed "Jeremiah Desborough" and "The Settler; or the Prophecy Fulfilled," two sketches which he utilized in *The Canadian Brothers* (1840). In many respects this is the most signifi-

cant of his romances. In response to the persistent demand for Canadian subjects as essential to a national literature he turned for his material to the War of 1812, which had already assumed epic proportions. With customary shrewdness the incidents of the unequal struggle — those in which Canadians take the greatest pride — are linked with the curse of Ellen Halloway, the wife of the soldier executed by De Haldimar. *The Canadian Brothers* is thus a sequel to *Wacousta*. As usual, Richardson depends largely on experience. From Amherstburg, the home of his boyhood, the scene shifts to Kentucky, where he was imprisoned, and then to Queenston, the place of his birth. As a participant in the War, he was familiar with many actors and events in the bloody drama. Background, character, and incident were all at hand. Brock, Proctor, and Barclay figure in the narrative. The Indian chiefs — Walk-in-the-Water, Split-Log, and Round-Head — enter in their war paint. The officers of Richardson's regiment appear under assumed names. Gerald and Henry Grantham, the heroes, are composites drawn from the author, his brother, and a couple of comrades. Anachronisms are anticipated by the preface. Developments which did not occur until the following year are placed before the capture of Detroit; the battle of Queenston Heights is delayed until the thirteenth of October, 1813. In marshalling his facts Richardson shows considerable sense of structure. Every episode from the fall of Detroit, with which the story opens, to the culminating victory near his native village is suited in some measure to its purpose. Selection and arrangement are often excellent.

In many ways also the connection with *Wacousta* is to be commended. Desborough, the son of the unfortunate Ellen Halloway by her ravisher, the Warrior of the Fleur de Lis, and his daughter Matilda are the instruments through which the two Granthams, who inherit the curse against the De Haldimars, are destroyed. Though the mystification is complete, and though the suspense is sustained until the

final catastrophe when Desborough springs over the Heights with the unfortunate Henry in his arms, the romance suffers, like every sequel, from the effort to maintain a previous standard. Many passages are too melodramatic to be effective. The treatment of Matilda Montgomery, who decoys Gerald, is open to this criticism. In the case of Matilda's father, who is obviously a means to an end, the artificiality is even more noticeable. The chief interest lies in the panorama which is flashed before the eyes—the gatherings of the French-Canadians and the skirmishes at Detroit.

Yet, in spite of its coloring, the verve of *Wacousta*—its dash and its vigor—is wanting. Undoubtedly the difference between the Amherstburg of his youth and that of his manhood had a depressing effect on Richardson's spirits. The brightness of a garrison town with the scarlet coats of the soldiers, the toques of the half-breeds, and the feathers of the Indians, had been succeeded by the drab uniformity of a small provincial village. In passionate regret Richardson exclaims: "How often have we ourselves in joyous boyhood lingered amid the beautiful haunts, drinking in the fascinating song of this strange night bird [the whippoorwill] and revelling in a feeling we were too young to analyze, yet cherished deeply. Yea, frequently up to this hour do we in our dreams revisit scenes no parallel to which has met our view even in the course of a long life spent in many climes; and, on awakening, our first emotion is regret that the illusion is no more." Notwithstanding its flaws, obvious as they are, *The Canadian Brothers* is one of the most significant books of its time. As an early attempt to give expression to the spirit of nationality it has a definite place in Canadian literature. Nothing can be more characteristic of the general mood and of the author himself than the reply to Captain Molineux's aspersions on the ability of Canadians: "I too," remarks Henry Grantham in words that Richardson had doubtless used on many occasions, "I too am a

Canadian, but far from endeavoring to repudiate my American birth I feel pride in having received my being in a land where everything attests the sublimity and magnificence of Nature."

Though Richardson's romances were as popular in Canada as any books of his day, the audience was too limited to secure him a competence. Recognizing the impossibility of supporting himself by the novels which he had planned, he again turned to journalism. In 1840 he removed to Brockville, where he bought a small estate, and established the *New Era; or Canadian Chronicle*, a weekly without advertisements or local news. In it he published his *Jack Brag in Spain*, his *Recollections of the West Indies*, and his *War of 1812*. While the *Era*, written almost entirely by its owner, had many commendable features, it lacked variety and force. The contrast between the brightness of his early life and the humdrum of his present struggle for bread told heavily on his prose. The *Chronicle*, discontinued in 1842, was followed in the next year by the *Canadian Loyalist and Spirit of 1812*, which died in 1844. For a few years Richardson strove manfully to make a living among the people whom he loved. In 1838 he published his *Personal Memoirs*. A grant of two hundred and fifty pounds for his narrative of the war relieved him temporarily from want. After the failure of the *Loyalist* also he was appointed Superintendent of Police on the Welland Canal. Unhappily, this position lasted for only a few months; and once more he was forced to rely on the good will of the reading public. In 1847, therefore, he issued his *Eight Years in Canada*, a political review, and next year a sequel, *The Guards in Canada*, an echo of one of the numerous affairs of honor in which he was engaged. The small response to these ventures showed that he could not hope for adequate financial reward in the Dominion. As his wife, who had accompanied him across the Atlantic, was dead, and as many of his old comrades had been estranged by his advocacy of liberal principles, there

was little to bind him to Brockville. Reluctantly, therefore, but without bitterness, he again abandoned his native land.

Disheartened, but still resolute, he set out to New York, where he tried in vain to adapt his tales to a new audience. In 1850 he issued *Hardscrabble; or the Fall of Chicago*, an Indian story which he intended as the first of a trilogy in the manner of Dumas. Like *The Canadian Brothers*, the series was to be linked with the War of 1812. The facts regarding the massacre at Hardscrabble, which Richardson may have obtained from a pamphlet published in 1844, are treated with customary freedom. Most of those concerned retain their identity under different names. To a couple of them, Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Helm, whom he met after the capture of Detroit, he was indebted for the details of the retreat from Fort Dearborn, which he utilized in a sequel, *Waubunsee* (1852). It is probable, therefore, that both romances are based on first-hand information. The only fictitious personage is the heroine, Maria Heywood, whose fortunes are linked with those of the young Pottowatomie who gives the book its title. Although he is a striking figure, the interest, as always, is in the graphic descriptions of military operations.

In his preface to *Waubunsee* Richardson promised a continuation of the series if the reception accorded the first two volumes warranted the venture. As he died in the same year, this promise was never fulfilled. In his brief residence in New York, however, he completed two other romances: *Westbrook; or the Outlaw* (1852 ?), another story of the War of 1812, and *The Monk Knight of St. John, a Tale of the Crusaders*, a narrative in which he was evidently seeking fresher and more popular material to tickle the palate of a public for whom Indian tales were beginning to lose their savor. With pathetic hope he likewise began the revision of his earlier work. In recasting *The Canadian Brothers* he eliminated all passages likely to arouse antagonism in the United States. All references to Stoney Creek and to

the unequal forces engaged at Queenston Heights, where the York Volunteers made their famous charge, are judiciously omitted. Even the title is changed to *Matilda Montgomery; or the Prophecy Fulfilled*.

Though Richardson carried with him into his literary career the spirit of a trained journalist, the faculty of catching the whim of the day, there was no compromise in his life. Haughty, exclusive, and pugnacious, he seldom withdrew from a position he had once assumed. His French blood, which shows in the contour of his face, always gave a picturesque turn to his actions. With his pistols, his horses, and his pet deer, his military figure illuminates the monotonous background of early Canadian literature. Drinking, quarrelling, duelling, he never forgot his pride. Alone in a great city, with his faithful dog sold for food, he laid down his life rather than reveal his poverty. His body lies in an unknown grave in New York.

Though he was the most successful novelist to deal with Indian material, he was not the only writer to come under the spell of Cooper. Several other stories of the Frontier are to be found among the seventy-five tales of pretension written before the Confederation. None of these, however, are of any importance. The biographical novels growing out of the experiences of English immigrants like the Stricklands may be dismissed with as little consideration. Some of these like *Philip Musgrave* (1842), a record of missionary endeavor by Joseph Abbott, have retained a simmering popularity. Nevertheless, as they represent no aesthetic impulse, and cannot vie with Mrs. Moodie's *Roughing It* as a transcription of provincial life, they may well be forgotten.

One name only can be placed beside Richardson's. Among the writers attracted to the *Literary Garland* was a young Montreal girl, Rosanna Eleanor Mullins (1832-79), who afterwards married J. Luke Leprohon, Vice Consul for Spain. Under its stimulus she became a constant contributor to Pre-Confederation periodicals. From her resi-

dence in Montreal she was peculiarly adapted to the task of re-creating the society of the French *Régime* and the Occupation. A number of sketches led to her first novel, *Ida Beresford* (1848), a remarkable production for a girl of sixteen, which appeared in the *Garland*. To it she was evidently indebted for inspiration. Her work is the direct result of the nationalistic movement in literature for which it is remembered. From this point of view she has a right to contest Richardson's primacy as the first Canadian novelist. In her own day she was recognized as the leader of a distinct Canadian School. While her work, unlike Richardson's, is practically unknown outside of Canada, it seems to have taken a permanent place in the literature of the country. There is no better index of her sympathy and taste than the fact that her better tales like *The Manor House of De Villeraï* (1859) and *Antoinette de Mirecourt* (1864), which is almost a sequel, have been as popular in French as in English.

With Richardson's hers is the only name among the writers of prose fiction to emerge from the Pre-Confederation Period. Both represent in a striking manner the evolution of the national spirit. As yet it was of little moment in its influence on Canadian literature. Still, the union of the diverse and antagonistic elements symbolized by the Confederation was already affecting the development of the novel. To Cooper, Richardson was indebted for the red-skin. From Pontiac it was a short step to Tecumseh; from the War of 1812 it was a shorter step to the Conquest. Through Mrs. Leprohon, Richardson, Cooper, and Scott the historical romance and the novel in Canada reach back to the fountainhead of English fiction.

CHAPTER XII

SCIENCE AND SCHOLARSHIP

NOWHERE is the spirit of curiosity which followed the War of 1812 more evident than in the realm of science, and nowhere is it better exemplified than in the hundreds of monographs issued through the societies and institutions established during the Pre-Confederation Period. Although this curiosity embraced all the natural sciences, it found most complete expression in the geological investigations of the provincial surveys and McGill University.

To Joseph Bouchette (1744-1841), son of Commodore Bouchette of the Provincial Navy, must be given the credit of originating the movement which culminated in the discoveries of Sir William Logan and Sir John William Dawson. On becoming Surveyor General of Lower Canada, Bouchette undertook a systematic examination of the neighboring districts. At the conclusion of the War of 1812, in which he served as Colonel of the Quebec Volunteers, he published, in English and French, *A Topographical Description of the Province of Lower Canada* (1815), which even the *North American* recognized as worthy of mention. This was followed, in 1831, by a topographical and statistical description, *The British Dominions in North America*. Though the inaccuracies show the disadvantages under which Bouchette labored, the fact that he was the first Canadian to enjoy a European reputation, and that his efforts stimulated others, gives him a definite place in the history of Canadian scholarship.

His surveys were augmented by Abraham Gesner (1797-1864), who may be regarded as the father of Canadian science, a title usually conferred on his greater contem-

porary, Sir William Logan. In a humble way, however, the former began the tradition of geological research which has assumed through various ramifications a preëminent place in the intellectual progress of the Dominion. Abraham Gesner, born at Cornwallis, the first writer to popularize the rocks and fossils of his native land, was the son of Colonel Abraham Gesner, a native of New York who served in the King's Orange Rangers, and removed to Nova Scotia at the close of the Revolution. His mother was the daughter of a Connecticut family which had taken up some of the Acadian lands when they were opened for settlement. With limited educational opportunities, Gesner was forced to rely on his own initiative. In the study of natural history, to which he was attracted in boyhood, he visited the West Indies and the coasts of South America. Determining to study medicine, he entered St. Bartholomew's and Guy's in London. On his return to Nova Scotia, in 1824, he began practice at Parrsboro, and at once resumed his interest in mineralogy.

In 1836 he published, at Halifax, the first of his numerous books and reports on the resources of the Maritime Provinces — *Remarks on the Geology and Mineralogy of Nova Scotia*. This volume, which is a popular summary of earlier discoveries, augmented by additional facts, was widely circulated. Though misleading in nomenclature, it directed attention to the wealth of the province. Some of the descriptions still make pleasant reading. Written, as the author says, "amidst the arduous duties of a laborious profession, and under the annoyance of perpetual interruption . . . or during the silent hours of midnight, when the labor but not the fatigue of the day had departed," it is further evidence of the desire to understand, and to utilize, the assets of the land which the Loyalists were beginning to consider their own.

During the next six years Gesner was busied with the geological survey of New Brunswick, which was interrupted by a tour of the coal fields of Cumberland with Sir Charles

Lyell, who based his explorations on the *Remarks*. A survey of Prince Edward Island was followed by a visit to Trinidad, to analyze the bituminous deposits, and by several excursions to Newfoundland and Labrador. Aside from reports of progress Gesner contributed to various scientific journals. During the latter years of his life his investigations became increasingly utilitarian. One of his inventions led to the principle of the electric motor, but he is now remembered rather by his developments of artificial illuminants. The name "kerosene" which he gave to the oil he succeeded in extracting from coal and shale has since been extended to all mineral oils used for illumination.

Though his work lacks authority, it diverted the minds of his countrymen from the animosities of politics to the wonders of Nature and the problems of existence. His primary aim, however, was to corroborate the theories developed by English naturalists. Incentive came from Lyell and others, with whom he maintained an uninterrupted correspondence.

Even more intimately connected with the scholarship of Great Britain is the name of the first great Canadian scientist, Sir William Logan (1798-1875), whose inquiries shattered several canons of the old geology. Born at Montreal, of Scotch-Loyalist parentage, he received his early education in his native city. After several years in the University of Edinburgh, to which many Canadians then turned, he was graduated in 1817. Entering the countinghouse of his uncle in London, he studied in his spare evenings under Robert Burns, the son of the poet.

In course of time he became manager of a copper smelting plant at Swansea, South Wales, where he made occasion to pursue his hobby. So accurate were his maps that they were adopted without modification by Sir Henry de la Beche. Expeditions to France and to Spain extended his knowledge, and helped him to refute the drift theory of the origin of coal and to establish the fact that the stratum of clay beneath the beds is the source of vegetation.

Returning to Canada, he examined the coal fields of Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia, where he found his deductions regarding underclays everywhere confirmed. In 1842 he refused a lucrative offer from the Government of India in order to become head of the Geological Survey of Canada, of which he may be regarded as the founder. Henceforth his life was devoted to the tasks of his position. Alone with an Indian canoeman or a single assistant, he surveyed over a hundred thousand square miles in Eastern Canada. Since he was usually without maps, the labor involved was stupendous. In spite of difficulties which would have daunted the average student he established several facts which caused a reconstruction of accepted theories regarding the formations of Northeastern America. In Lower Canada he showed that the rocks which had been regarded as antedating life are, in reality, crystallized stratifications belonging to the first great geological period. He showed also that the rocks of the Laurentian and Adirondack mountains, which were held to be unstratified, are due to sedimentary deposits. The manner in which he traced the development of these formations is considered the most brilliant of his feats.

His reports of progress, issued from year to year, were supplemented, in 1863, by his monumental work, *Geology of Canada*, which he completed with the aid of his assistants. It at once created a furore in Great Britain, where the results of his investigations had been utilized by Lyell, Darwin, and others in the scientific and religious controversies of the time. Unfortunately the style, though crisp and luminous, gives no hint of the stores of knowledge which he had accumulated by years of application. While he could analyze the most complicated formations, he found it increasingly difficult to formulate his ideas. Like his contributions to scientific journals the *Geology*, though accurately phrased, is lacking in flexibility. Nevertheless, in spite of this drawback, it conferred on Logan and on Canada, as the *Quarterly Review* remarked, "a world-wide fame."

Meanwhile other honors had come to its author; but notwithstanding temptations to desert his duties he remained at the head of the Survey until 1870, when he was well beyond the allotted threescore and ten. While he continued to gather material for his special ends, he took no part in the debates which his conclusions accelerated. Nevertheless, in his native land he supported every effort to promote the intellectual welfare of its people. As first president of the Canadian Institute he did much to direct scientific curiosity into profitable channels. It is therefore fitting that his name should be linked with the great university which is heir to the tradition which he established. A few years before his death he founded the Logan Chair of Geology at McGill University.

The work of Bouchette, of Gesner, and of Logan — the task of mapping a new country, of studying its structure in the spare hours of an arduous profession, and of accumulating and analyzing data with the nice discrimination of a great scientist — all of which, like the histories to which I have referred, is indicative of national youth and inexperience — was further advanced by Sir John William Dawson (1820-99), whose life connects the Pre-Confederation Period with the second half of the nineteenth century. After the discovery of the *Eozoön Canadense* by Sir William Logan, Dawson's monograph on the subject caused a prolonged discussion in Great Britain and Germany which led to the theory, now discarded, that it is a fossil organism. Before the publication of this brochure he had already attained a distinguished position among Canadian naturalists.

Like Sir William, he came of Scotch parentage. His father, the leading bookseller of Pictou, Nova Scotia, and his mother were both from Aberdeenshire. To them he owed the powerful constitution, the calm temperament, and the noble aspiration that make his memory sacred to those who knew him. To the little Presbyterian College in his birth-place, whose claims had been championed by Haliburton, he

was indebted for the greater part of his education. Though it was supplemented by a couple of winters at Edinburgh, the Mecca of early days, it must be given much of the credit for his achievements. To the curiosity of the period in general and to Gesner in particular he owed his bent towards the sciences. His devotion to geology, like that of Gesner and Logan, was also deepened by the visit of Sir Charles Lyell, whom he accompanied on various expeditions.

While superintendent of schools in Nova Scotia he began his literary career by the publication of several popular works on geology and natural history. On the appearance of his *Acadian Geology* (1855), which has been continually reprinted, he accepted the principalship of McGill. The rest of his life is inseparably connected with its expansion, with the improvement of educational facilities for women, and with the extension of the Quebec school system. In spite of these new demands two dozen books and a hundred and fifty papers attest his continued interest in his favorite study.

By the Confederation he had already begun the correlation of science and religion which distinguishes his essays and lectures. His first contribution to the question which was agitating the minds of men is *Archia* (1860), "a summary of what the Bible does actually teach respecting the history of the earth and man" and "a view of the points in which the teaching of the Bible comes into contact with natural science." In the light of experience Dawson finds "sufficient evidence that the Bible has nothing to dread from the revelations of geology." Since his scientific and literary attainments commanded the respect of naturalists and men of letters, the book was immediately accepted as one of the bulwarks of orthodoxy.

As such it is typical of Canadian theology during the Pre-Confederation Period. The writers who essayed anything beyond the subtleties of church doctrine were impelled by conditions across the Atlantic. Like Dawson they were

invariably conservative in temper. As a rule, none of them attained to any originality of thought or expression.

The correlation of English and Canadian scholarship, in which the indebtedness was not always on the part of Canada, was naturally furthered by educational conditions. In the establishment of their universities the provinces were usually forced to call upon the Mother Country. Their students went to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh came many a distinguished Scotch professor. Most noted of all the men who thus extended the intellectual sovereignty of Scotland was Sir Daniel Wilson (1816-92), who came to Toronto, in 1853, as Professor of English Literature in the college which he lived to see expand, under his administration, into a great university. His archaeological writings, which have retained something of their popularity, constitute another point of contact between the New World and the Old.

Though the United States contributed little to the advancement of science in the Dominion, it is indebted to Nova Scotia for its greatest scientist, Simon Newcomb (1835-1909), the astronomer. His long career is almost the only link connecting the Republic with the scientific impulse of the Pre-Confederation Period. The history of scholarship in this era is largely that of Great Britain.

CHAPTER XIII

TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION

By a strange trick of fate the writers of travels who are now remembered make no pretension to literary skill. The narratives which have become classic are the unpolished, but intensely fascinating, accounts of the traders connected with the Hudson Bay Company and its formidable rival, the Northwest Association. Their tales of adventure will be read as long as men delight in pictures of life untrammelled by the conventions of society.

In the eighteenth century the expeditions of the older corporation were supplemented by individual enterprises which invariably ended in failure. These ill-starred undertakings led to numerous volumes in which the Monopoly of the North, which controlled the Barrens, was severely arraigned. Not until the advent of Samuel Hearne (1745-92) did it find a popular defender. His matter-of-fact narrative, *A Journey from Prince of Wales' Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean* (1795), a record of his dash to the Coppermine, established the preëminence of the great companies in the literature of Hudson Bay and also the autobiographical form adopted by his successors.

Hearne's work, which was undoubtedly influenced by Arthur Dobbs' *Exploration of the Countries Adjoining Hudson's Bay* (1744), a recital of the exploits of Joseph La France, a half-breed, went through many editions in both French and English. Its popularity encouraged the adventurers who turned westward from Montreal, the capital of the fur trade, and the centre of the Scotch society with whose fortunes it was linked, to print the memoranda of

their adventures. Of these magnates the most famous is Alexander Mackenzie (1763-1820), whose name is preserved in the river which he made known to civilization. Born at Stornoway, he followed the footsteps of many another young Scotchman, and for five years toiled in a Montreal countinghouse. In time he became a shareholder in an independent fur company and, later, representative of the Northwest Association on the Athabaska. Growing weary of the humdrum routine of a remote trading post, he set out on his first journey to the Arctic. As this experience emphasized the need of scientific apparatus, he returned to England to acquaint himself with the necessary instruments. The spirit which took him back to the student's chair is characteristic of the perseverance which carried him across the obstacles of an untracked wilderness. After his next expedition, in which he was eminently successful, he retired from the Upper Country, and, in 1797, withdrew from the Northwest Association and returned to England. On being knighted, he resumed his former activity in Lower Canada, where he represented Huntingdon in the Assembly.

In 1801 he published his *Voyages from Montreal on the River St. Lawrence, through the Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, in the Years 1789 and 1793*. The preliminary account of the fur trade, which had become an essential part of every book on the Northwest, is of no special importance. The journals, on the other hand, are full of stirring incidents and curious information. Like Hearne, Mackenzie recognizes his lack of craftsmanship. "Before I conclude," he says, "I must beg to inform my readers that they are not to expect the charms of an embellished narrative or animated description. The approbation due to simplicity and truth is all I presume to claim; and I am not without hope that this claim will be allowed to me." As indeed it has been. "The whole work," said Jeffrey in the first volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, "bears an impress of correctness and veracity that leaves no unpleasant feeling

of doubt or suspicion in the mind of the reader." With this verdict posterity has agreed. The *Voyages*, which were translated into French, have retained their vitality. After a century they are as fascinating to the schoolboy propped on the side of a form as they were to Napoleon wearing out his life at Longwood.

Though all the explorers and fur traders like Hearne and Mackenzie were men of action who had no thought of literary fame, the work of Alexander Henry (1739-1824) has certain stylistic excellencies which differentiate it from that of his contemporaries. Like Harmon, whose name is even better known, he was of American birth. Leaving his home in New Jersey, in his twenty-first year, he joined Amherst's army with the intention of engaging in the fur trade. His *Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories between the Years 1760 and 1776* covers his experiences during the next sixteen years. Like most traders he retained his allegiance after the Revolution, and, in 1781, settled at Montreal, where he resided until his death. As a special literature of the Frontier had already arisen, he began to revise the notes of his excursions in the Northwest, and, in 1807, printed his *Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories between the Years 1760-1776*, which is regarded as the chief monument of the fur trade. Though there are many inaccuracies and mistakes of detail, the fact that Henry weaves his reminiscences into a continuous narrative gives the *Travels* an undeniable charm. The naturalness of his manner makes a comparison with Defoe not entirely illogical.

While Henry's name at once suggests that of his nephew, Alexander Henry, and that of the explorer, David Thompson (1770-1857), whose manuscripts have recently been edited, their journals are valueless except as they represent types among the diarists of the Northwest. In verisimilitude they are both excelled by David Williams Harmon, whose *Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North*

America (1820) covers a residence of nineteen years in the wilderness between Montreal and the Pacific. As a partner in the Northwest Association he was naturally interested in the customs of the trading posts. Nothing can be more realistic than his description of a St. Andrew's Ball, at which the guests behaved respectably until eleven o'clock, when they came to blows, as a result of refreshments, and engaged in two pitched battles.

Most readers, however, will find the chief appeal of the book in the story of his spiritual affairs and domestic relations. As he had been brought up in a Puritan atmosphere, he was shocked by the depravity of the traders. "Our men," he says in surprise, "play at cards on the Sabbath the same as any other day. For such improper conduct I once reproved them; but their reply was, 'There is no Sabbath in this country,' and, they added, 'No God nor devil'; and their behaviour but too plainly shows that they spoke as they think. It is a lamentable fact that those who have been for any considerable length of time in this savage country lay aside the greater part of the regulations of civilized and Christian people, and behave little better than savages." So degrading was the environment of the forts that in a short time he surpassed his fellows in wickedness. "My intention, however," he remarks naïvely, "was by no means to cast off all religion; but I attempted to frame to myself a religion which would comport with my feelings and with my manner of life." As usual, this attempt ended in ignominious failure, and the death of his little son, whom he had sent East to be educated, accentuated the revulsion.

The change is seen most clearly in his attitude towards his wife. On beginning his career as a trader, he had followed the custom of the country in taking a concubine. "This day," he says in his diary, "a Canadian's daughter, a girl of fourteen years of age, was offered to me; and after mature consideration concerning the step which I ought to take, I have finally concluded to accept of her. . . . If we can live

in harmony together, my intention now is to keep her as long as I remain in this uncivilized part of the world." On leaving, he had planned to present her to a friend, but his religious experience and the loss of his son led him to take her with him. "Having lived with this woman as my wife, though we were never formally contracted to each other, . . . and having children by her, I consider that I am under moral obligation not to dissolve the connection if she is willing to continue it. The union which has been formed between us in the providence of God has not only been cemented by a long and mutual performance of kind offices but also by a more sacred consideration. . . . We have wept together over the early departure of several children and especially over the death of a beloved son. We have children still living, who are equally dear to us both." Fragmentary, and with no spark of literary grace, the *Journal* is still an intimate document of some merit.

Even more fascinating are the narratives of Alexander Ross (1783-1856), the most vivacious of all the chroniclers of the Northwest. Like Mackenzie he was born in Scotland. After teaching school in Glengarry he entered the Pacific Fur, the Northwestern, and finally the Hudson Bay Company. In 1825 he settled at Red River, where he became a member of the Council and Sheriff of Assiniboine. During the rest of his life he devoted himself to the task of re-creating the days of the Frontier.

His *Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River* (1849), which the *Athenaeum* described as "one of the most striking pictures of a life of adventure," is surpassed in graphic power by the *Fur Traders of the Far West* (1855), in which fact and fiction are happily blended. In it too the elements of style are much more firmly correlated. Further advance in technique is noticeable in *The Red River Settlement* (1856), the best of all his work. Though the narrative, which is part history, part reminiscence, and part adventure, lacks proportion and coherence, the prose is

flexible, sparkling, and effective. Of no great import, it is, nevertheless, a lively memorial of an exciting period.

The last great name in the history of the fur trade is that of Sir George Simpson (1792-1860), to whom Ross dedicated his *Fur Traders of the Far West*. Following the usual itinerary from Scotland to Montreal and the Athabaska, he became Governor of the United Companies. Henceforth his time was devoted to the exploration of the territory which he ruled. As early as 1828 he crossed the continent from Hudson Bay to the Pacific. Finally, in 1841, he began his famous journey from Montreal to Vancouver and thence across the Pacific to Siberia and London. Six years later the story of his adventures was told in his *Narrative of a Journey Round the World*. Edited by Adam Thom, the author of the *Camillus Letters*, who became Recorder at the Red River Settlement, it lacks the personal touches which make the disconnected journals of Mackenzie and his immediate followers so alluring. Its well written but ponderous descriptions show that the old school of chroniclers had passed away. Henceforth respectability of anecdote, accuracy of fact, and correctness of manner emphasize the recession of the Frontier and the advent of a new order. Of the literature of the Northwest, a literature which, in the words of Jeffrey, "carries back the imagination to those days of enterprise and discovery when the Genius of Europe broke into all the continents of the world," the principal types have been enumerated. There are narratives of adventure, usually, as in the case of Mackenzie, without pretension to literary merit, but once at least, under the hands of Henry, elevated to the realm of art; the autobiographic revelations of such men as Harmon; and, last, the gossipy sketches of Alexander Ross. Of the writers connected with the fur trade these may be considered representative.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SCHOOL OF GOLDSMITH

IN turning from the history of prose to that of verse it is necessary to revert for a moment to the canons brought into the New Colonies from the Old. The Loyalists, as I have tried to make clear, were still imitators. Characteristic proof of their subserviency is to be found in the redaction of Bailey's *Farewell*, which Samuel Peters thought necessary to recast in the diction of the neo-classicists. Further proof, if it be needed, is to be found in the Pope-ridden programs of the reading clubs. The literary ideals of the Loyalists remained unchanged after the Revolution.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising to find that Goldsmith, on whose shoulders the mantle of the neo-classicists, varied by new colors, eventually fell, should become a dominating figure in Canadian poetry. All memorials of the period indicate the wide appeal made by his two most famous poems. Sir Brenton Haliburton, for instance, left an essay on *The Deserted Village* and a poem suggested by *The Traveller* — "Reflections on Passing Events." In addition to such direct imitations many other poems like Howe's "Melville Island" were written under the spell of Goldsmith's personality.

By a strange chance the man who achieved the highest reputation as a versifier during the first quarter of the nineteenth century was an imitator and relative of the author of *The Deserted Village*. A son of Henry, to whom *The Traveller* was addressed, emigrated to America, where he served with gallantry during the Revolution. Resigning his commission, he settled at Annapolis, in Nova Scotia, where his son Oliver (1781-1861) was born. Though the father

seems to have been as improvident as his uncle, Oliver must have acquired an education; for, in 1825, he published, at London, the first edition of *The Rising Village*. In this poem of the Loyalist Migration, which he compares, in his preface, with the exodus depicted by his namesake, he endeavored "to describe the sufferings which the earlier settlers experienced, the difficulties which they surmounted, the rise and progress of a young country, and the prospects which promise greatness to its future possessors." Although the style possesses no particular merit, the lines are correct and melodious:

There verdant meads along the uplands spring,
And grateful odors to the breezes fling;
Here crops of grain in rich luxuriance rise,
And wave their golden riches to the skies.
There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,
Or gardens bounded by some hedge of green;
The farmer's cottage bosomed 'mong the trees
Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze;
The winding stream that turns the busy mill
Whose clanking echoes o'er the distant hill;
The neat white church beside whose walls are spread
The grass-clad hillocks of the sacred dead. . . .

As the first attempt to portray the life of the early settlers the poem is worthy of mention. It was accepted too in its own day as the chief monument of the Loyalist Migration, and was regarded as such by Bishop Inglis when he penned his introduction to the first edition. Aside from being published in part in the *Acadian Magazine*, it also appeared in the *Canadian Review*, and, in 1834, was reprinted at St. John. It thus has the distinction of being the first poem of any magnitude by a native author to be published in both Great Britain and Canada, and the first book of verse after Alline's to run into a second edition. So great was Goldsmith's reputation that Howe considered himself lucky to have a long New Year's address from his pen in the first number of the *Nova Scotian*.

The vein struck by Oliver Goldsmith, who became Commissary General of Nova Scotia, was developed by William Kirby (1817-1906), who is known by his *Chien d'Or*. Kirby, whose life was spent in the historic Niagara district, the chief Loyalist settlement in Upper Canada, attempted, in 1859, to tell the story of its founders in an epic poem of twelve cantos dedicated to Beverley Robinson. After describing the journey down the St. Lawrence and through Lake Ontario, he pictures the life of the countryside, the men moving about in gray homespun while

The rosy girls in brighter colors fair
And ribbons knotted on their folded hair,
With merry smiles and sparkling glances please,
Contrive new conquests and old lovers tease.

The poet, a man of literary taste, was a patient student of Goldsmith, whom he apostrophizes in the poem, and was capable of turning out pedestrian but readable verse. A characteristic passage is to be found in his picture of the season's labor:

As summer heats begin to parch the air,
His panting flocks reclaim his tender care.
Beneath the shade of some old spreading tree
The shepherd takes them on his bended knee,
And plies with nimble hand the sounding shears
About their trembling sides and shrinking ears.

Unfortunately, when the scene shifts to the Rebellion of 1837, the author's loyalty overcomes his interest in rural pastimes and drags his verse into the quicksands of politics, where it soon loses its vitality. At best none of his lines can compare with those quoted from *The Rising Village*, and the poem as a whole shows the constant deterioration which was taking place among the writers who clung to the spirit of the eighteenth century. One has but to turn to the other poems written in the same manner by the sons and daughters of Loyalists who were anxious to commemorate the deeds of

their fathers in order to realize how completely the fire kindled by Odell had been lost, and how impossible it was for them to fan the dead ashes of neo-classicism into a new flame. The story of their efforts is a story of failure in which there is no glimmer of light.

CHAPTER XV

THE SCHOOL OF BYRON

THE satiric tradition, which had been connected with the couplet, suffered equal degradation. For a time it was vitalized by the influence of Byron,¹ who was nearer in mood to the great English satirists than any other poet of his century. Several of the young men who looked to him as their leader wrote some pleasant social verse that has much of the audaciousness of *Don Juan*. In number and power, however, they were gradually obscured by those who were attracted by other aspects of his poetry.

Though many of these versifiers — a hundred all told — could write fluently, the themes to which they devoted their talents were, with one exception, too remote to be of significance. Their odes to Liberty and their imitations of the *Hebrew Melodies* are little more than academic exercises. Even their erotic verse as a whole is without life. On the other hand, they created a taste for American scenes. The oriental tales of Byron and Moore, whose fame equalled that of his contemporary, led to an extended use of Indian settings. This movement, which also took root in the field of neo-classicism, was regarded in many quarters as the first sign of a national literature. As such it seems to have met with cordial appreciation. In 1830 Adam Kidd (1802-31), author of *The Huron Chief and Other Poems*, who had injured himself by falling over a cliff "with all that open carelessness which is so peculiarly the product of poetic feeling," could point to a sale of fifteen hundred copies

¹ In 1816 a volume of his poems was issued at Montreal. Sixteen years later John Galt's *Life* appeared at Niagara.

within a year of publication. A few months later William Hawley (1804-55), who had just published *The Unknown; or Lays of the Forest* (1831), could speak with pride of the success attained by his first volume, *Quebec, The Harp, and Other Poems* (1829), and of the status of "Canadian poetry." Nevertheless, in spite of their enthusiasm, the writers who followed in the wake of Byron and Moore failed to accomplish in verse what Richardson, who found his pattern in America, achieved in prose.

CHAPTER XVI

CHARLES SANGSTER

Of the poets who were indebted to Byron, Charles Sangster (1822-93) alone has achieved a place in the literature of the Dominion. Like most writers of his time he was forced to work with little preparation and at great disadvantage. Though his verse consequently is mediocre, he is the most significant poet of the Pre-Confederation Period.

In birth, education, and ideals he was essentially Canadian. His paternal grandfather emigrated to Canada at the close of the Revolution. At the beginning of the nineteenth century his mother's father, who had joined one of the Scotch settlements on Prince Edward Island, turned westward along the shores of the St. Lawrence to the fertile province of Ontario. Like Haliburton and Richardson, Sangster thus represents the Loyalist and Scotch elements of Canadian society. Born at the Navy Yard, Point Frederick, where his father was employed, he was familiar with the most striking incidents in the history of the Dominion. During the troubles of 1837 he was engaged at Fort Henry in the manufacture of cartridges. Ten years later he went to Amherstburg, the home of Richardson, as editor of the *Courier*. Returning to Kingston, he became proof reader on the *Whig*, with which he remained until he entered the civil service at Ottawa. All the circumstances of his career thus extended his knowledge of Canadian thought and feeling.

His first volume of verse, *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay* (1856), as Sir Daniel Wilson pointed out at the time of publication, is largely in the manner of Byron. The hundred and ten Spenserian stanzas of the leading poem form a kind of descriptive guidebook to the rivers mentioned in the

title. On every page there is, as the *Athenaeum* remarked with great justice, "a feeling for the beauties of nature"; but there is also, as it added, "a general vagueness" that prevents adequate visualization. Though the phrasing is occasionally felicitous, the lines are marred by false rhymes and incongruous diction. The lyrics too lack spontaneity and grace. One of the best is the little song, "The Whip-poorwill." Lighter than usual is "My Kitten":

Teasing, saucy, little pest!
Will you never be at rest?
Romping in and out the house,
Chasing Tabby for a mouse.

Here clearly is little promise of ultimate achievement. Not until a reader turns to "England and America" does he find anything worthy of commemoration. In spite of occasional lapses, the spirited expression of Anglo-Saxon unity,

But, united, stand and labor
Side by side and hand in hand,
Battling with the sword of Freedom
For the peace of every land —

is sufficient to make *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay* an interesting volume.

It soon created a reputation for its author. In Canada, where he was immediately recognized as a national poet, the most exaggerated praise was given to his verses. In the United States, where they were also published, there was equal lack of discrimination. Criticism south of the Border was generally as little advanced as that in the North. With rare good sense, however, the *Criterion*, standing apart from the majority of periodicals, remarked that if Sangster had burned three-quarters of the contents and printed the remainder, he would have had an excellent volume. With this judgment few will take issue.

Sangster's fame depends on his second book, *Hesperus and Other Poems and Lyrics* (1860). This, as Bayard Taylor

said, "has more freshness and more art." Before its publication the poet had emancipated himself from the spell of Byron; and although his indebtedness to Longfellow, Tennyson, and Wordsworth is patent, he sometimes approaches independence in thought and form. In variety of topics also — in his poems of rural and domestic life, in those voicing the new sense of nationality, in his love lyrics, and especially in his descriptive and religious verses — he excels all his contemporaries.

His pictures of rural life are simple and unaffected. "The Happy Harvesters," a cantata, contains many a realistic scene of the countryside:

The youthful fiddler on his three-legged stool
Fancied himself at least an Ole Bull;
Some easy bumpkin seated on the floor
Hunted the slipper till his ribs were sore.

His domestic poems like "Old Grandpere" reflect the melody, the commonplaceness, and the sentimentality of Longfellow. More in the New England poet's manner is "Mariline":

Up the meditative air
Passed the smoke-wreaths white and fair
Like the spirit of the prayer
Mariline now offered there;
.
.
.
.
.
Passed behind the cottage eaves,
Curling through the maple trees.

Even these imitative lines, however, are imbued with a Canadian atmosphere.

It is Sangster's distinction that he felt the pulse of the national spirit which was beginning to beat, however faintly, throughout Ontario. In the *St. Lawrence and the Saguenay* he had included a number of patriotic verses on the Crimean War. Like Mrs. Moodie's these do not rise above the perfunctory odes which are still accepted as poetry. Those in *Hesperus*, on the contrary, are full of passionate enthusiasm

for the ideal of a united people within an imperial alliance.
 "Brock," recited at the unveiling of the monument at
 Queenston,

One voice, one people, one in heart
 And soul, and feeling, and desire —

did much to further the development of national consciousness.

His love songs likewise are in advance of anything accomplished by his contemporaries. A few like "Love While You May" have all the glad paganism of Herrick's lyrics. Another song from "The Happy Harvesters,"

Whither now, blushing Claire,
 Maid of the sylph-like air,
 Blooming and debonair,
 Whither so early ?
 Chasing the merry morn
 Down through the golden corn,
 Listening the hunter's horn
 Ring through the barley ?

is an echo from Tennyson. Many such as "Young Again" seem the direct outpouring of his own spirit:

Young again! Young again!
 Beating heart! I deemed that sorrow
 With its torture rack of pain
 Had eclipsed each bright tomorrow,
 And that love could never rise
 Into life's cerulean skies,
 Singing the divine refrain,
 "Young again! Young again!"

Young again! Young again!
 Passion dies as we grow older:
 Love that in repose has lain
 Takes a higher flight and bolder,
 Fresh from rest and dewy sleep,
 Like the skylark's matin sweep,
 Singing the divine refrain,
 "Young again! Young again!"

No other writer attained to such lyrical freedom and grace.

**Hurrah for the rapid that merrily, merrily
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way —**

Autumn, like an old poet in a haze
Of golden visions, dreams away his days
So Hafiz-like that one may almost hear
The singer's thoughts imbue the atmosphere.

I have laid my cheek to Nature's, placed my puny hand in hers,
Felt a kindred spirit warming all the life-blood of my face.

Blest Spirit of Calm that dwellest in these woods!
 . . . heaven's light
 Comes down into my heart, and in its might
 My soul stands up and knocks at God's own temple gates.

These imaginative phrases, worthy of Vaughan, exemplify the religious struggle from which his verse is seldom free. He never fully emerges from the darkness:

Our life is like a forest where the sun
Glints down among us through the throbbing leaves:
The full light rarely finds us.

The reliance on God found in "My Prayer":

O God, forgive the erring thought,
The erring word and deed,
And in thy mercy hear the Christ
Who comes to intercede.

I ask not wisdom such as that
To which the world is prone,
Nor knowledge ask unless it come
Direct from God alone —

the contentment of the "Mystery":

Let me see
Some portion of the truths that lead
By slow gradation up to Thee —

and the simple faith of "The Soul":

What must be the Perfect Whole
When the atom is so great!

are finally surrendered in "The Dreamer" for the divine in his own heart:

If thou wouldst truly win
The race thou art pursuing,
Heed well the voice within.

In the end he must rely on

The calm wisdom of that inner life
That makes the poet heir to worlds unknown,
All space his empire, and the sun his throne.

From this sketch of Sangster's life and poetry it is evident that his place in Canada is comparable in some respects to

that of Longfellow in the United States. Without possessing any imaginative power each has established himself in the popular mind as a national poet. Distinctiveness, however, seldom goes beyond material. Nevertheless, in the reproduction of the American landscape Sangster, unlike Longfellow, now and then reveals the hidden glory of the commonplace. More sensitive and more richly endowed with spiritual insight, he occasionally reaches heights that the author of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* never achieves. Lacking education and opportunity for development, he inevitably falls beneath the New England poet in scholarship and taste. Nevertheless, in a small way his place in Canada corresponds with that of Longfellow in the United States.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SCHOOL OF BURNS

WHILE all the writers with a few exceptions who found their inspiration in the work of Goldsmith or Byron regarded themselves as pioneers in the establishment of a new literature, other men in the great Scotch settlements clung tenaciously to the idioms and metres of their fathers. Many like William Murdock (1823-87), who "seldom fashed the world wi' his musings, but contented himself wi' crooning them to his ain inward ear," were satisfied with a local audience. Their songs, fitted to the tunes whose choruses had become part of the common heritage of the Scotch people, enlivened many a festival. In language as in measure they belong to the national poetry of Scotland, to the School of Fergusson and Burns.

The patriotism of the Lowland settlers led them to reject with scorn the suggestion that their literature belongs to Canada. "O tell na me this is my hame," cried Murdock in his "Song of an Exile," and thousands of his countrymen echoed the sentiment. What he said of himself, that he was "mair behaidden to the sang-spirit of Scotland than to that of Partridge Island," was equally true of his fellow bards. The lyrical poetry of the Scotch settlements lies apart from the main current I have been following.

In many respects, however, it is superior to much produced by the coteries who regarded their efforts as distinctively Canadian. Though the members of these groups were usually men of education and ability, they seldom had anything to say. The Scotch lyrists, on the other hand, sang with full hearts. That they lacked culture and the power

of self-criticism did not affect their popularity among the masses. Their love of nature and humanity and their hatred of political and religious hypocrisy counterbalanced their defective technique.

As a result, the most widely read poet of the Pre-Confederation Era was a young Scotchman, Alexander McLachlan (1818-96), the son of a mechanic who came to Canada in 1840. Under the inspiration of his father and an old schoolmaster he had acquired a knack of versification. Five volumes of his poems, all reflecting the radicalism which his countrymen brought with them to Ontario, attest his industry. A complete edition of his work, published four years after his death, shows that it retains its appeal. Nevertheless, though some of his verses like those entitled "Old Hannah" have a simplicity and pathos suggestive of Wordsworth, they are so marred by carelessness that it is impossible to accept the usual estimate of their value. In their faults as well as in their excellencies they are characteristic of the School of Burns in Canada. During McLachlan's youth it reached its zenith, and during his age on the pleasant farm which had been presented to him by his admirers a new generation arose to whom it was little more than a memory.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE

THROUGH the emigration of its author one of the most curious poems of the nineteenth century is also connected with the history of Canadian literature. Charles Heavysege's *Saul*, which no one reads but everyone professes to admire, appeared at Montreal in 1857. In the following year Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was consul at Liverpool, presented a copy to Coventry Patmore. The latter, inspired by the donor's enthusiasm, undertook a study for the *North British Review*. His essay, which ranks *Saul* as the greatest English poem published outside Great Britain, began a tradition in criticism which still lives.

The recognition of Heavysege's genius by the great English periodicals naturally created a vogue in Montreal, where interest was intensified by stories of his poverty. As a result, the first edition of *Saul* was supplemented by a second, which made its way into the libraries of New England, where the poem was hospitably received. Longfellow, who had seen a copy of the first edition, pronounced Heavysege "the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare." Emerson and others joined in the chorus of approval. Finally, in 1865, Bayard Taylor, who had visited Heavysege in his shop, reviewed his work in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The interest aroused in New England by these discussions brought Heavysege into intimate relationship with numerous men of letters. At their suggestion he visited Boston, where he was entertained by Charlotte Cushman. For her he wrote a stage version of *Saul*, which was bought by a New York manager but never produced. Although this

recognition gratified his vanity, it is doubtful if it benefited his verse. In the blatant heyday of American republicanism many whom he met were quick to commiserate his lot in an English colony. Their attitude induced him to underrate his associates and to disregard their advice. Nevertheless, his connection with the New England writers was not altogether harmful. When he proposed to publish his later poems in the United States, Longfellow, with fine catholicity, wrote, "I would plant my brains on my own soil"; and Bayard Taylor added later, "You are a true poet, but the way to acknowledged success even to such lies in drudgery." Their influence, which was decidedly helpful, probably made him more contented with his surroundings and more amenable to criticism. Still, the exaggerated homage which he received confirmed his belief in his infallibility, and induced him to reject many valuable emendations when preparing the third edition of *Saul*, published at Boston, in 1869. This version, which was highly commended by Richard Grant White, established the author's reputation in New England.

Although the drama is no longer printed, except in piecemeal, its early reception in Great Britain, in the United States, and in Canada and its general acceptance as one of the masterpieces of Canadian literature challenge investigation. If regarded as a play, it must be dismissed as utterly worthless. Nothing less adapted to the stage can be imagined. Its length alone is sufficient to damn it. In its final form over ten thousand lines are chopped into three parts. Though these follow the order of the biblical narrative, the division into acts and scenes, of which there are an amazing number, is often arbitrary. In short, the poet has no idea of economy, no power of selection, and no feeling for suspense or climax. The dramatic cloak which he imposes on his material merely obscures the noble outlines of his subject.

In addition to these defects, the vocabulary, which is a curious jumble of Milton, Shakespeare, and the Bible, is

singularly lacking in uniformity and taste. Passages of sonorous Latin with the rhythm and grandeur of *Paradise Lost* are followed by an echo from the Elizabethan stews; or, again, a whole speech like Horatio's on breaking up the watch or Perdita's flower catalogue is reflected on a Jewish canvas bordered with nineteenth century commonplaces. The effect of these anachronisms is seldom pleasant.

Yet, in spite of technical absurdity, incongruous phrasing, and even syntactical irregularity, the poem has many notable excellencies. Its great expanse is invested with an atmosphere of gloom and horror unparalleled except in the work of the masters. Though every reader will acknowledge the effect of the trilogy with its burden of dread, he will be attracted by several other features. The insight with which the king's madness is developed is often admirable. The flux and reflux of his emotions are portrayed with sympathy and acumen. As in *Paradise Lost*, the passages which linger in the memory are the great soliloquies and descriptions, which are lightened by a vigorous imagination that seems to transcend the bonds of time and space. Saul's monologue after his consecration, as he watches the placid cattle grazing in the distance, and his apostrophe to death can never be forgotten. Even more compelling are the similitudes. In some cases these are mere metaphysical conceits. In most, however, the images are notably suggestive. Though unpleasant, morbid, and even repulsive, they are always striking. Nothing can be more illuminating than Saul's picture of man

Flying before the hounds of circumstance
Adown the windy gullies of this life —

nothing more awe-inspiring than the scene where

One
Broad flash of lightning quivered from the clouds,
And hung above us, glaring like the eye
Of God dread gazing on us in his wrath —

nothing more indicative of the relentlessness of conscience
than the knowledge that

Recollection

Will stick like smut upon one's memory —

nothing more realistic than evil thoughts

Rank and black like summer flies on ordure.

The force of these extracts, which may be duplicated at will, shows how dangerous is Arnold's theory of literary touchstones. It is easy to select numerous lines to sustain Heavysege's title to greatness. In a letter written after the publication of the drama Longfellow remarked, "I have never seen *Saul*, but the passages given in the foreign reviews struck me as very fine." With this judgment few will disagree. When the work is considered as a unit, however, frankness demands dissent from current opinion. Though a curious poem, *Saul* is not a great drama.

Its sources have already been indicated. Milton, Shakespeare, and the Bible were Heavysege's only teachers. To them he was indebted for mood, form, and material. It is doubtful if he was familiar with earlier attempts to give the *Saul motif* a dramatic garb. It is even doubtful if he was aware of the prevalence of biblical themes among Canadian poetasters. In genesis and possibly in execution *Saul* belongs to the literature of Great Britain.

Though Heavysege was probably uninfluenced in this case by any transatlantic echoes of the *Hebrew Melodies*, he tried to adapt himself to the popular taste in his next drama, *Count Felippo; or the Unequal Marriage* (1860), which is based on a tale of Italian intrigue. It is technically superior to *Saul*, but the action is uninteresting and the characterization improbable. The play, which was frankly criticized by Taylor in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has never added to the author's reputation.

In it, however, Heavysege learned several valuable lessons which he turned to good account in *Jephthah's Daughter*

(1865), a biblical theme which had already been utilized by a writer in the *Garland*. This narrative, which was published at Montreal and London, is the most artistic of his poems. Though it lacks the gloomy massiveness of *Saul*, it is more finished, more regular, and more sustained. Unlike *Saul* also it is full of dramatic feeling. The daughter's joy at her father's victorious return and his paroxysm of grief are portrayed with indubitable skill. The diction, moreover, is admirably suited to its purpose. When Jephthah beseeches the Almighty to succor him as he succored Abraham, his despair is reflected in the answering echo of

The hoarse, bough-bending wind,
The hill wolf howling on the neighboring height,
And bittern booming in the vale below.

Yet these descriptive touches are surpassed by the subtle analysis of the daughter's emotions. Her first appeal,

O think how hard it is to die when young!
To leave the light; to leave the sun and moon;
To leave the earth and glory of the heavens,

ranks with the noblest and most impassioned verse of the century. There is infinite pathos in the lines where she turns to take leave of her maidens:

Now is the burden of it all *no more*.
No more shall, wandering, we go gather flowers,
Nor tune our voices by the river's brink,
Nor in the grotto fountain cool our limbs.

More pathetic, because more natural, is her instinctive delay when the priests enter for their victim:

Hark! how the wood awakes, and starts to sing
A solemn anthem, and remotely hums
The mellow tumbling of the water-fall.
All beats with life, all yet is youthful and
Rejoicing in the strength of coming days.

This, as the *Athenaeum* said at the time of publication, is "great art." "From the opening to the closing line," added

Taylor a little later in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "the reader is lifted to the level of the tragic theme and inspired, as in the Greek tragedy, with a pity which makes lovely the element of terror."

Whether Heavysege was indebted to the Greek tragedians is problematical. Since he refers to Agamemnon in the opening lines, there is reason to believe that he was influenced by the story of Iphigenia. In fact, shortly after *Saul* was published he borrowed an English translation of Euripides from a fellow poet, John Reade. The knowledge of the old legend thus secured doubtless explains the atmosphere.

Aside from several lines which are imitated from Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur* and a few Elizabethan anachronisms, there is little to mar the solemn dignity of the narrative as it moves with stately rhythm to its climax. The chief weaknesses of the tale are a lack of proportion and a tendency towards declamation. Heavysege's garrulousness, which attenuates the action of *Saul*, occasionally leads him into manifest absurdities. In addition, the links between speeches are often rough and disjointed. But in spite of these flaws *Jephthah's Daughter* is a remarkable achievement.

With it were published twenty short poems reprinted from an earlier collection of sonnets (1854). Though full of powerful images, they are uneven in workmanship and of little importance. The most striking is the stanza,

The stars are glittering in the frosty sky,

which has been often quoted.

The rest of Heavysege's work may be quickly dismissed. Aside from his *Shakespearean Tercentenary Ode* (1864), which is utterly worthless, his most ambitious venture is *Jezebel* (1867), a biblical poem in three cantos which has never been read. Other poems are *The Owl* (1864), a direct imitation of "The Raven," and *The Dark Huntsman*, of which the parallelism, possibly the result of scriptural reading, is another point of contact with Poe. With the exception of Tennyson

he is probably the only modern poet to whom Heavysege is at all indebted. Their interest in the morbid, the supernatural, and the terrible — points which doubtless commended *Saul* to Hawthorne and Patmore — inevitably leads to comparison.

Altogether Heavysege is an interesting figure. Born at Liverpool, of Yorkshire parentage, he was forced to leave school at the age of nine to earn his livelihood at an humble trade. After seeing *Macbeth*, which inspired him with enthusiasm for the stage, he begged a few pence from his mother to purchase a cheap edition of Shakespeare. This little volume, regarded by his parents as immoral, became his dearest companion. Henceforth the moments that could be filched after a working day of ten or thirteen hours were devoted to practice in composition. All his early poems except *The Revolt of Tartarus* (1852), a turgid production in blank verse, were destroyed. Influenced probably by its failure, Heavysege, burdened with a large family, emigrated to Montreal, where the remaining years of his life were spent in honorable endeavor.

Since he accomplished much under disheartening conditions, it seems uncharitable to emphasize the defects of education and character which militated against his success. That this has not been done with sufficient frankness is reason why it should be essayed. According to trustworthy accounts Heavysege, who read little, even in the poets, was a man of few ideas. What he had he was inclined to overrate. Since he wrote with painful slowness, every phrase seemed of peculiar value. As a result, he never sacrificed a line without protest. When revising *Saul* he refused to consider the suggestions of the students in Montreal who protested against its lack of proportion. This attitude of superiority, due to his ignorance and his belief in his mission, was, as I have shown, accentuated by exaggerated praise. Under it the petulance of his nature became painfully apparent. His references to lack of appreciation are hardly in

keeping with the facts. He was an honorary member of the Montreal Literary Club, which numbered among its supporters such eminent men as Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Sir William Logan, and Sir John William Dawson. The cost of the second edition of *Saul* was borne by a fellow member, George Martin, author of *Marguerite and Other Poems*, who could ill afford the expenditure. Even more important than mere financial aid were the sympathy and intelligent criticism he received from his associates. Though much valuable advice was rejected, the success of *Jephthah's Daughter*, on which his reputation must eventually rest, is largely due to the fact that it was revised by a capable scholar, S. E. Dawson. Yet for all these favors Heavysege appears to have been singularly unappreciative. The lack of taste shown in his attitude towards his contemporaries is reflected in his verse. This lack is its chief weakness.

His vanity of authorship, to which I have referred, also hampered him. Through it he was led to attempt a literary career. For nearly twenty years on the *Transcript* and later on the *Witness* he wasted his energy in a profession for which he was unsuited. There is something pitiable in the picture of a man already past his prime turning aside from the carpenter's bench to the reporter's desk. His lack of facility in composition must have told heavily on his health. Yet it is doubtful whether, under the most favorable circumstances, he could have added anything of value to *Saul* and *Jephthah's Daughter*. With them his work was done. If proof of his lack of literary skill be required, it is to be found in *The Advocate, a Novel* (1865), an attempt to take advantage of the vogue created by Richardson and Mrs. Leprohon. This tale of Montreal at the beginning of the century is the worst of the notoriously bad novels written in the Dominion. It shows how impossible it would have been for Heavysege to succeed in the world of letters.

In view of these facts it is surely time to protest against the morbid interest with which his life has been invested.

From the hour that Bayard Taylor visited him at his carpenter's bench there has been a tradition in criticism which is far from healthy. That an ignorant mechanic should be able to write a vast poem which has the accent of greatness, though the words themselves are crude, has led to over-estimation of *Saul*. I yield to no one in my admiration for Heavysege's high ideals and noble endeavors. I can never look at his slight figure bowed by toil, his large forehead, and his luminous eyes without being affected by his devotion to his art. On the other hand, I cannot forget that a great poem requires wide knowledge and practiced judgment, and that a great drama demands laborious apprenticeship and experimental observation; and that these advantages, in spite of his power, were denied to the author of *Saul*. No one who is interested in the development of literary taste can view the common estimate of Heavysege's place without profound uneasiness.

CHAPTER XIX

PAST AND PRESENT

It is now possible to review the progress of Canadian literature from its inception in the eighteenth century to the union of 1867, when the scattered provinces laid the foundation of national greatness; to determine the elements which have contributed to its development; to record its chief monuments; and to glance, in conclusion, at its present status and future prospects.

In what I have called the Pre-Revolutionary Period it is obvious that there could be little activity. The logs of the traders are not extensive or vivacious enough to be of merit. With the coming of the Puritans, however, a distinct religious literature arose in Nova Scotia. Hymns, diaries, pamphlets, sermons, and controversial treatises give evidence of wider interests. As I have tried to make clear, the writers were invariably Americans, educated often at Harvard College, and thoroughly imbued with the Puritan ideal. The literature of Halifax is thus as much of New England as that of Boston. So closely related were the two communities that the revival under Whitefield found a ready echo in the New Colony. Under its stimulus Henry Alline began his career as an evangelist and religious writer. As a dabbler in every form attempted by his countrymen, he stands pre-eminent as the representative of Puritanism in Nova Scotia.

While an indigenous literature which has helped to shape Canadian ideals was thus developing by the Atlantic, a few English people at Quebec maintained their interest in literary affairs; but the novels of Mrs. Brooke and the essays of Maseres, unlike the hymns of Alline, were as exotic as

their authors, and disappeared without leaving any trace on the life of the province where they were written.

The English society of Quebec was completely absorbed by the Loyalist tide which beat upon the shores of the St. Lawrence. Like the Puritan settlers, the new immigrants were predominantly American. To anyone familiar with the history of the Old Colonies the names cited from time to time will recall all that is noblest in the civilization of New England. The descendants of the men who laid the foundations of its literature — Mather, Sewell, Hutchinson — were to be found among the Loyalist refugees. An examination of the records of several thousand families shows conclusively that the New Colonies, at the close of the Revolution, were even more American than the Old. The founders of the Puritan settlements in Nova Scotia traced their ancestry to the Pilgrim Fathers. The man who established the Loyalist centre of Shelburne was the great-grandson of the first-born of New England. There is in fact scarcely a family of old American stock from Mather to Emerson which achieved distinction before or after Bunker Hill that is not represented in the Canadian Provinces. So strong was the invasion that it readily absorbed the English communities of Quebec.

The American character which the population had assumed during the Pre-Revolutionary Era thus became unalterably fixed. Everything points to the fact that there was no social or temperamental cleavage after the acknowledgment of Independence. The society of Boston and New York was merely transferred to Halifax, where it existed intact until the close of the period under consideration. Moreover, all records show that the people of Nova Scotia and the Canadas were proud of their origin. Their chief boast, reëchoed again and again in their letters and diaries, is the claim that they rather than their former countrymen represented the highest traditions of American culture. Since this spirit was carried into the press, the assembly, the

college, and the church, it is easy to see how the American elements of society became supreme.

In view of this supremacy it is not surprising to find that the literature of the Loyalists, like that of the Puritans, belongs to New England. This observation is true of verse as well as of prose. During the Revolutionary Era colonial poetry, as I have indicated, was still dominated by the School of Dryden, Pope, and Churchill. It was American only in material. Though the Loyalist poets never achieved artistic independence, several of them occasionally hit upon lines which are superior to those of all their contemporaries except Freneau. In satiric force and pathos they surpass the achievements of their antagonists. The most remarkable aspect of their poetry is a passionate love of their native land. As the religious verse of Acadia occasionally excels that of Massachusetts in the interpretation of the Puritan spirit, so the Loyalist poetry of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick occasionally excels that of Connecticut and New Hampshire in the expression of local attachment.

Loyalist prose is even more saturated with the love of American scenes and institutions. What brought the refugees back from London to the coasts of Nova Scotia, the shores of the St. Lawrence, and the wilds of Upper Canada was their inability to adjust their habits of life and thought to new conditions. The march of generations had made them foreigners. Thus it came that they were glad to spend their last days in an undeveloped country from which they could look across the Border to their old homes, "where the grapes grew wild in the woods." In letter, diary, and history the spirit of reminiscence is always apparent. Among the writers of memoirs I have mentioned the principal types. The gentlemen who served as officers of loyal battalions left nothing of literary merit. The disconnected record of Allaire and the narrative of Moody, which may be accepted as representative, belong to the province of the historian. Similarly, the apologies of partisan leaders like Fanning may

be quickly dismissed. All that is left are the memorials of the collegians who were drawn into the vortex. Of these the most prolific is Jacob Bailey. The great volume of his work, constituting an intelligent and illuminating commentary on the whole era, makes him an interesting figure. Like many others he dabbled in colonial history, which had always been hospitably regarded in New England. If further evidence of the connection of Loyalist prose with that of the Old Colonies be required, it may be found in the fact that William Smith, last Chief Justice of New York under the Crown, formulated a plan for their union which corresponds with the Constitution afterwards adopted.

Since the Scotch communities, owing to their lack of education, contributed nothing but the folklore of their native hills to the literature of the Dominion, the Puritan and Loyalist stream surged through the channels of the press into all the provinces of the East. The devotion of the early settlers to the principles of civil and religious liberty was faithfully seconded by the majority of the refugees, many of whom had been bitterly opposed to the coercive measures of the king. Though imbued with the spirit of colonial independence, they had balked at rebellion. Belonging to the more conservative classes, they naturally felt that difficulties could be adjusted without bloodshed and disruption. Contrary to opinion in the United States and Great Britain, the Revolution failed to soften the attitude of the Mother Country towards the remaining colonies. Under the Compacts the liberties of the people were curtailed as never before, and the descendants of the men who had made New England were confronted by the task of adjustment and reconciliation in which their fathers had failed. At this moment Joseph Howe, whose family represents the "dissidence of dissent" in England and America and the quintessence of loyalty in Massachusetts and Nova Scotia, rose up to harmonize the antagonistic principles of autonomy and racial affiliation. Under his guidance emerged a litera-

ture of which the effects at Ypres and Mons have already changed the course of history. The greatest journalist, the greatest orator, and, in several respects, the greatest master of prose Canada has yet produced — one of the heartening figures of the Anglo-Saxon race — is thus the product of the Puritan and Loyalist elements of society.

As “Nova Scotia incarnate” he inspired every writer of the Maritime Provinces. Among the members of *The Club* whose books he published the most illustrious is Thomas Chandler Haliburton. As Howe represents the full out-flowering of the pure New England spirit unperturbed by the calamity of the past, his greatest contemporary represents the inevitable reaction against excess. Though many of the latter’s ideas may seem at odds with his American parentage, every phase of his work attests the force of his environment. Sam Slick could come from nowhere but New England. Like Howe, to whom he owes his fame, Haliburton is essentially American.

The satiric tradition, a Revolutionary heritage common to the people of Acadia and Massachusetts, also flourished in the Canadas. There, unfortunately, no Haliburton arose to carry it to fulfillment. The most salient figure is Fleet, whose *Cacona* is one of the few satires on colonial administration. Though superior in technique, it does not differ in aim from the skits of the Revolutionary Period. Better or worse, it serves to illustrate the indebtedness of the Western Provinces to the Old Colonies.

In history there is similar continuity. When the Loyalists left their homes in New York and Boston, they carried with them a taste for chronicle. It is natural, then, to find Smith completing his father’s *History of New York* and afterwards turning to the *History of Canada*.

Later periodical literature, it is true, owed much to men and women of Old Country birth and education, but the magazines they founded are remembered through the names of the native Canadians who contributed to their columns.

Though Mrs. Moodie has won a corner in the literature of the Dominion, her work is less significant than that of Richardson. Coming from a family accustomed for generations to the perils of the Frontier, and familiar from boyhood with the most stirring incidents of Canadian history, he is fully as American as Cooper, to whom he was obviously indebted. The historical romance in Canada from the tales of Richardson and Mrs. Leprohon to *Le Chien d'Or* and the early stories of Sir Gilbert Parker is thus closely connected with the literature of the United States.

The most intimate records of travel and exploration are also characteristically American. The great figures, on the other hand, were Scotchmen in birth and sentiment, and their work must be considered part of the contribution of Scotland to the life of the Pre-Confederation Era.

In science and scholarship also the influence of Edinburgh replaced for a time the attachment to Harvard. This development, however, was necessarily transient, and Gesner, Logan, and Dawson found themselves increasingly dominated by the force of their environment.

When a student turns from prose to verse, he will find that force again preëminent. Though the Classical School was English in origin, it came into Canada through New England, and retained a certain vitality long after it had fallen into disrepute in the Mother Country. Unlike the historical romance, which passed through a similar transmigration, it did not leave any easily defined trace on the literature of the Dominion. Nor did the School of Byron, which flourished even more profusely, achieve any greater measure of success. Both tendencies owe their importance to their effect on the poetry of Sangster. On the other hand, McLachlan and Heavysege, who accomplished more than the followers of Goldsmith or Byron, can claim even less attention in an historic review. The Classical School as the source of Canadian poetry and the link between Massachusetts and Nova Scotia is the most salient fact in its evolution.

With this summary in mind it will not be difficult to determine the elements which have contributed to the development of Canadian literature. It is plain that the foundations in prose and verse were laid by the Puritan and Loyalist settlers of New England. In the next generation under Howe and Haliburton the literary forms prevalent in the United States were as highly developed in the Maritime Provinces. Even in the Canadas, where conditions were less favorable, the same tendency is apparent. In history the corner stones were also laid by the sons of Loyalists. The romance too, in spite of Mrs. Moodie's popularity, owes its origin to Richardson, who came of French, Scotch, and Loyalist stock.

The classic of the fur trade was written by a New Englander, and the discoveries utilized by Dawson were made by Gesner and Logan, both of Loyalist birth. Though Goldsmith was a grandnephew of the author of *The Deserted Village*, he was regarded as the son of a refugee and, like Sangster, was thoroughly imbued with the Loyalist Tradition. Despite the large contribution of Scotland, to which I have tried to give due weight, the elements which have determined the progress of Canadian literature have been distinctively American.

Although the literature of Canada until the Confederation was that of the United States, and the background consequently is the same, the political relations of the Dominion have obscured the issue. It is everywhere assumed as a matter of course that the foundations were laid by Englishmen. This assumption is untenable: they were laid by men whom generations in the New World had made American in habit and thought. With the possible exception of Todd, who was Canadian in all but birth, no Englishman but Heavyside has any considerable place in Canadian literature; and even Heavyside's place is slight enough. Canada has never been a direct intellectual colony of England. Until the Confederation the literary forces potent in

Massachusetts continued unimpaired in the North. The literature of the United States was the literature of Canada.

Such parallelism must inevitably lead to a comparison between the Republic and the Dominion; but it should not be forgotten that, from a material point of view, no comparison is possible. Though the literary schools of Boston and New York were duplicated in Halifax and Montreal, there was no duplication of opportunity. On one side were a score of prosperous communities with a strong central government; on the other, a few sparsely settled provinces without political affiliation. In density of population and material advancement British North America at the Confederation must be compared with the American Colonies of 1775. In estimating its literary attainment it is unfair to contrast it with the United States of its own time.

Nevertheless, the chief monuments in prose and verse do not require apology. Although the Puritan and Loyalist eras in Canada, as in the United States, did not produce a master, a careful selection from the early writers would lead to a better understanding of the sources of Canadian thought. No one who desires to know its spirit should overlook the work of Howe, which should be made available in more satisfactory form. *The Clockmaker*, representative of the satiric tradition and Haliburton at his best, should also be added. Fleet's *Cacona* gives a fair idea of the same trend in the Canadas. Because it never became literature, history may be discarded. As the *Nova Scotian*, comparable in its influence to the *Atlantic Monthly*, at once suggests the name of Howe, so the *Literary Garland* suggests the names of Mrs. Moodie, Richardson, and Mrs. Leprohon. *Roughing It* re-creates as nothing else the lives of the English settlers. Of Richardson's romances *Wacousta* stands pre-eminent. Since its author is the only writer of Indian stories except Cooper whose tales have retained their appeal, it has special interest for students of American literature. To it may be added Mrs. Leprohon's *The Manor House of De*

Villeraï. Turning to records of exploration, a reader will naturally select Henry's *Travels*. In verse the schools of Goldsmith and Byron are hardly worthy of mention. As the first volume of poetry to be published in England and Canada, *The Rising Village* has a small niche as a memorial of Loyalist endeavor, but it, with the poems of Kidd, Hawley, and others, cannot be included in this category. From Sangster's work and even from McLachlan's, however, a few poems should be made accessible. With Heavyside's *Jephthah's Daughter* these documents would give an adequate idea of the chief aspects of Canadian literature in the Pre-Confederation Period.

The significant fact of the era is that the material of prose and verse, which was at first American, afterwards became Canadian. What I have styled the Age of Reminiscence gave way to the Age of Curiosity. Under its stimulus the literature of Canada was directed towards the channels in which it still flows.

Every phase of its activity as a legal unit originated before 1867. Under Sangster, who owed much to Mrs. Moodie's example and sympathy, the characteristics of the Canadian School first became apparent. Under Mrs. Traill the animal story began to take shape, and under Richardson and Mrs. Leprohon, one of French blood, the other the wife of a French-Canadian, the *Old Régime* became part of the romancer's stock in trade. In the early days Jew and Gentile — *habitant* and New Englander — kept apart. There was no point of contact between the races. For this reason it seems advisable to consider their literature from separate points of view. By the Confederation, however, the two streams had begun to counteract. It is even possible that the development of the romance in Quebec may be due to the forces which operated in the case of Richardson and Mrs. Leprohon. Henceforth at any rate the literature of Quebec must be considered in any intelligent survey of that of Canada. The Confederation, therefore, is a symbol of

national coalescence. With it arose what may be called a Canadian literature. In spite of the fact that an Ottawa schoolboy, like his cousin in Washington, reads in school and college the masterpieces of Great Britain, many of which are a common racial heritage, certain regional forces undoubtedly tend towards differentiation. Industrial emancipation from the United States is being paralleled in the realm of thought. That the influence of the Republic is still strong is obvious to any observer. On the other hand, it is folly to talk, as do the magazine discoverers of the North, of the Americanization of Canada. Until the last wave of immigration over ninety per cent of the English-speaking people were of American birth, and more American historically than those to the south. Temperamental divergences between the two peoples are due to a more rapid departure of the Republic from the early New England norm. The British North America Act stands at the crossroads.

The political relationship indicated by the name has, as I have intimated, obscured the question of intellectual origin. Loyalty to the imperial idea has undoubtedly led to confusion at home and abroad. In that it has pointed to the past instead of the future it has narrowed the outlook of the Canadian people and retarded their spiritual development fully as much as the Revolutionary Tradition in the United States has hampered its cultural advancement. In recent decades a new attitude has emerged. After due allowance has been made for conventional superciliousness, it will be found that Loyalist sentiment has been purged of much of the dross. As the Boston Massacre, which I once heard Professor Barrett Wendell refer to as the result of "an attack by a gang of drunken rowdies," is now a beacon light of patriotism, so the standard of honor and devotion which has been handed down from father to son in Canada for five generations is not to be dispraised. Recent events, moreover, have tended to destroy the provincialism and sensitiveness of a young and untried community. It is even

possible that the glare of battle may dispel the obscurity with which legal anomalies have invested the problem of sources.

What the future has in store no one can tell. The years following the Confederation gave to the Dominion a group of poets who brought to their native country distinction little short of that achieved by the United States. By the end of the century this poetic impulse was obliterated by an increase of wealth which destroyed all sense of values. Since then no literary movement of importance has been discernible. Participation in the Great War, however, and the self-sacrifice voluntarily made to preserve the freedom of the world — a sacrifice from which no material gain can be derived — promise better things. No one who has been in Canada during the last five or six years can have any fear for the future of the Canadian people. What their literature will be I am not rash enough to predict. Until 1867 it was American in its lack of color, its lack of imagination, and its lack of artistry. Since then it has been Canadian. Today the Dominion, unlike the United States, possesses a perpetual frontier. Its problems are rural rather than urban, and its literature has all the freshness and sanity of the open. Though it is thus essentially American, it differs in mood from the work of men born and educated in the South. The novel of Philadelphia and New York has, and can have, no counterpart in Montreal or Toronto. On the other hand, the writers of Great Britain, in spite of the increasing sympathy between the Dominion and the Mother Country and the mutual desire to work out their destiny in common, do not affect Canadian men of letters to any noticeable extent. It would be absurd to think of a Shaw or a Wells in the Maritime Provinces or Ontario. During the last fifty years, in which *belles-lettres* have become possible, the writers who made their mark came from old American stock or from the Scotch strain. Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. Roberts on the one side and Wilfred Campbell on the other

remind one of the two elements, not yet entirely fused, which combine to give Canadian society its intellectual vigor. The strangers who have made their homes in the Dominion have contributed nothing of significance. Whether they will affect the evolution of its literature awaits an answer. Already, however, the centre is shifting westward. The supremacy of Toronto, the home of the great publishing houses, will some day be contested by Winnipeg, where East and West meet. Even now there are signs of a literary revival on the prairies. Whether it will deepen the nationalistic groove which I have been following, or whether it will assume the characteristics of a Continental or a world literature in English, of which there are many indications, it seems certain that the prose and verse of Canada will retain the health and purity which have distinguished them in the past.

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